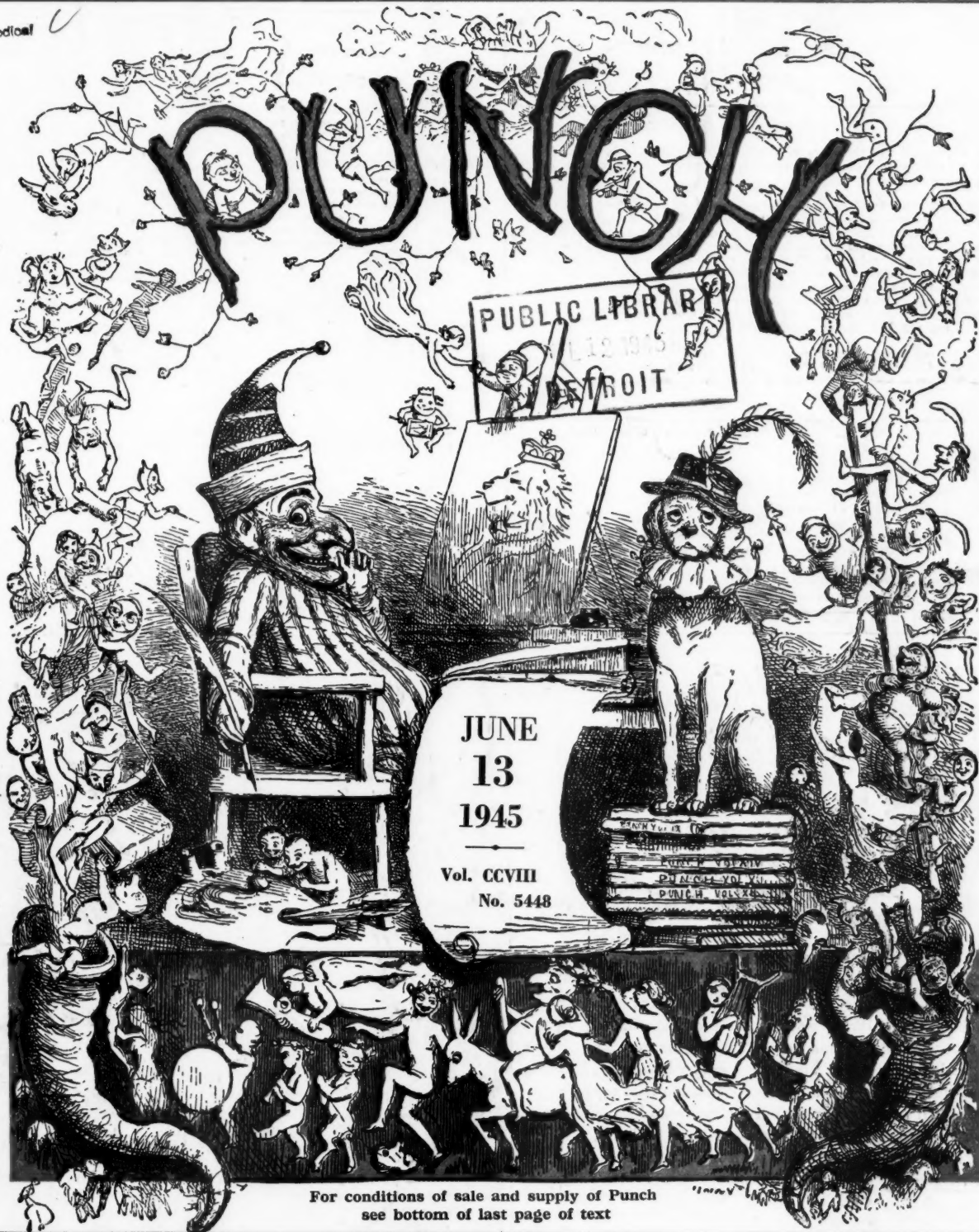


# HUNTLEY & PALMERS - the first name you think of in BISCUITS

Periodical



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text



## Player's Please



"This blessed plot,  
this earth,  
this realm,  
this England..."

Great words—and true to-day, as in Elizabeth's time. Great men too, in her time, and ours, whose courage and sacrifices have preserved our freedom, our right to live at peace.

Let us praise them by thanking them—by generous aid to the British Legion, our greatest organisation dedicated to the rehabilitation of our fighting men. Comradeship born of service is perpetuated by 4,413 Legion Branches. 3,928 Centres give speedy aid in distress. For the disabled there are Legion workshops, teaching new trades and self-reliance; a housing scheme for family men. Legion Sanatoria aid the tuberculous—Preston Hall for men, Nayland Hall for women. A pensions scheme for the prematurely aged; weekly allowances in chronic sickness; advice and skilled advocacy in manifold pensions problems; an employment organisation for the workless. Training and upbringing of orphaned and physically handicapped children.

ALL these and many other friendly aids are offered to ex-Service men and women of ALL ranks and ALL Services, and their families, whether they are Legion members or not. This great work calls for the generous sympathy of all.

## EARL HAIG'S APPEAL FUND

Gifts and legacies will be gratefully received, carefully applied. The address is:  
HAIG'S FUND, RICHMOND, SURREY

**BRITISH LEGION**  
PATRON H.M. THE KING

*This space given by the proprietors of 'Ovaline'*

*Famous Diarists  
brought up-to-date by  
W. H. Smith & Son*



The Rev. William Cole,  
author of "The Blecheley Diary"

Tues: 29. Rain without End, so my Estate will be in a fine Pickle. To spare my little Dun fat Horse I walked to W. H. Smith & Son the Booksellers to Exchange my Library Book & chuse a Magazine to be sent with my Newspaper, & Paper for me to make my Indexes of. My Freind the Manager being out, I red until his return, when he advised me that my MS. which he is having Bound for me, would be in his Hands to morrow. He spent the Even with me, when I settled my Accounts with him & paid him £4. 7s. 10d. for Books & Things.

**W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD.**

1500 Bookshops and Bookstalls in England and Wales for all your reading and writing requirements.

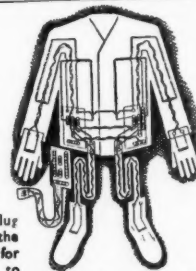
Head Office: Strand House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.2



## The Windak suit in use . . . . No. 3

"Turn on  
the HEAT"

Electrical arteries circulate warmth to every part of the WINDAK flying suit (officially known as SUIT BUOYANT) Simple press studs connect electric gloves and boots. A plug has only to be pushed into the plane's supply socket for the whole outfit to function at once. Other WINDAK features are com-



fort, freedom of movement, ventilation, quick release, floatability. Ample pocket room.



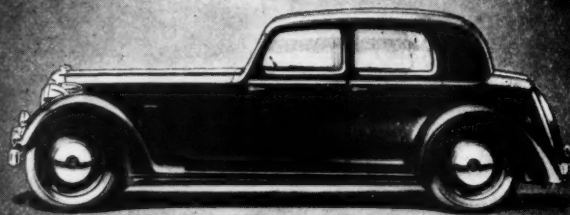
BAXTER, WOODHOUSE  
& TAYLOR LTD  
Queen's Buildings, Stockport, Cheshire

I wonder if WINDAK

will adapt this idea

for post-war motoring?

*you bet they will!*



Whatever form the future Rover cars may take, the

immediate post-war models will be very like those of

1940. We shall hold to the proven excellence of the

past, while examining the prospects which lie ahead.

# ROVER

*One of Britain's Fine Cars*



*Somebody's coming to tea . . . will there be muffins with lots of butter? The silver service is on duty, sparkling with pride and lovelier than ever. Nora's so proud and careful of her silver. She always cleans it with SILVO*



**Halex**  
TOOTHBRUSHES  
*stay springy longer*



## NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE—

*but she keeps her charm*



THERE's little time for make-up repairs in her working day. How does she keep her charm? She has a bottle of Dorma Cleansing Milk in her desk—the secret of so many busy women.

Dorma Cleansing Milk removes tired make-up quickly and efficiently. Almost before you can say "yours faithfully" it has the pores clean and the skin feeling cool, and ready to take your fresh cream and powder. "Dorma" is also ideal for removing your make-up at night. Because of its tonic and astringent properties it keeps the skin supple and fresh. "Dorma" costs 7/- and saves time.

**DORMA CLEANSING MILK**

MADE BY

*Coty*

**Dentures**

*like*

*new*



A tumbler full of warm water. A capful of STERADENT well stirred up. While you sleep STERADENT gets to work. This cleansing solution removes film and stains. STERADENT sterilises your false teeth by its harmless, active energy. In the morning, rinse thoroughly, preferably under a tap. Ask your chemist for it.

**Steradent**

FOR ALL DENTURES INCLUDING THE NEW ACRYLIC RESINS

RICHARD CRITTALL & CO. LTD  
WARMING & AIR CONDITIONING

SPECIALISTS IN COOKING APPARATUS AND KITCHEN EQUIPMENT

**RICHARD  
CRITTALL  
FOR  
WARMTH**



*SHE'S PAID TO SAY IT!*

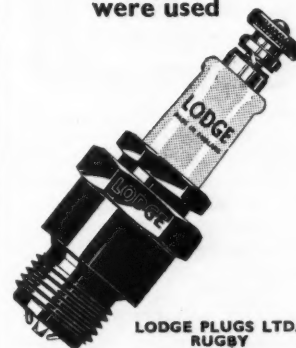
*'Twill PAY YOU  
TO REMEMBER IT!*

RICHARD CRITTALL & CO. LTD  
ALDWYCH HOUSE, W.C.2

SPECIALISTS IN PANEL WARMING AND ENGINEERING SERVICES

For both  
**ROUND THE WORLD**  
and  
**NORTH POLE**  
FLIGHTS  
by the  
R.A.F. LANCASTER  
"ARIES"  
(Rolls-Royce "Merlin"  
engines)

**LODGE**  
PLUGS  
were used



LODGE PLUGS LTD.,  
RUGBY





### A RARE TREAT THESE DAYS



No superlative could convey the truly delightful quality of VAMOUR. Skilful blending of the choice imported wines and Selected Herbs of which it is composed make VAMOUR the vermouth for the discriminating. Regrettably short supply at present, but contact your Wine Merchant—you may be fortunate. Remember, every occasion with VAMOUR is a special one.



Produced by  
VERMOUTIERS (London) LTD.  
25-28, BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, S.W.1



This world famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER, MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King, Windsor St. W.1

## KENT Best British Brushes



**KENT-COSBY**  
HYGIENIC REFILLABLE HAIRBRUSH  
(PATENT)

- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS
- KENT "STIMULATOR" BRISTLES FOR SCALP MASSAGE

*Men's Military Model*

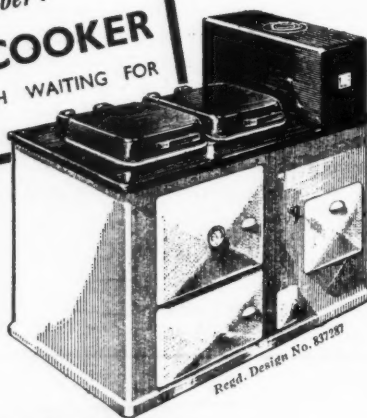
Made in England

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 24 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

*It's Worth Waiting for!*

ALSO WOMEN'S MODEL WITH  
"ALLURE" PERFUME FEATURE

Remember!  
**THE "AB" COOKER**  
IS WELL WORTH WAITING FOR



Regd. Design No. 837287

- Cooking and Water Heating combined in one unit.
- Big Fuel Economy Ensured through automatic fuel feed.
- Food Values Are Retained by balanced distribution of heat.
- High Temperatures Are Available at a moment's notice.

You Are Invited . . .  
to visit the Demonstration Kitchen  
at the address below, and see how  
the "AB" Cooker works—also get  
advice on your war-time cooking  
problems.

Write for Free Illustrated Brochure to:  
**FEDERATED SALES LIMITED**  
(Dept P63) 80, GROSVENOR ST., LONDON, W.1  
Telephone: Mayfair 5064/3



COMBINING COOKING & WATER-HEATING

(Controlled by Federated Foundries, Limited)

*As the Hallmark is to Silver—*

SO IS  
**Spode**  
*to your table China*

The Guarantee of Quality

MANUFACTURED By W. T. COPELAND & SONS, LTD.  
SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT.



### HAPPINESS INDEED

For 'tis Chairman. In times of stress it brings calm content of mind and a lasting satisfaction. And so cool that it never burns the tongue, however much it is smoked.

## Chairman Tobacco

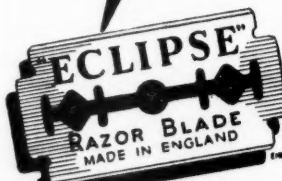
Three strengths: CHAIRMAN, medium; BOARDMAN'S, mild; RECORDER, full; 2/9½ per oz. from tobacconists everywhere. There is also CHAIRMAN Empire Mixture at 2/6 per oz. Made by the successors to R. J. Lea, Ltd.

© 28

Pedigree Soft Toys have been almost 100% on war work, so Pedigree Pets and Dolls have been missing from the shops. We hope it won't be long now before your favourites are on sale again. Don't be misled by poor quality goods. INSIST on Pedigree. PEDIGREE SOFT TOYS LTD., LONDON, S.W.19

*Pedigree  
Pets*

*For better  
Shaving*



Including  
Purchase Tax **3d each**

Obtainable only from Retailers  
**JAMES NEILL & CO. (Sheffield) LTD.**

*The SOLUTION  
OF THE CYCLE  
STORAGE PROBLEM*



WRITE  
FOR  
CATALOGUE  
P/201

**CONSTRUCTORS  
CYCLE PARKS  
CONSTRUCTORS LIMITED  
ERDINGTON BIRMINGHAM**





IN almost every community, large or small, there is a shop to which everyone goes—the local chemist's. People come here for advice, for they know that the counsel they will receive and the goods they will buy will be of real value. Inside the shop hangs a certificate showing that the owner is a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society, a certificate gained only after long apprenticeship and strict examination. It proves that the chemist is a man of attainments, worthy of trust. The fact that chemists recommend Euthymol Tooth Paste is a fine testimony to the excellence of this dentifrice.

## Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

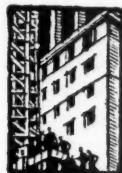
## Keeping the lavatory clean



It's easy to keep the lavatory clean with Harpic. Thorough and effective in its action, Harpic removes discoloration, disinfects, and deodorizes. It reaches right into the S-bend, which should be kept sanitary.

## HARPIC

FOR THE LAVATORY



# CRITTALL WINDOWS

WHEN YOU REBUILD

CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 210 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1

*Why would I choose Moccasin?*

**"I wore them in Civvy Street  
...they're good campaigners"**

I chose MOCCASIN in those early days when coupons were more elastic than now. I liked their style, comfort and tidy workmanship. I wisely decided to buy quality, and the fact that my MOCCASIN Shoes have moved with me from the cosy comfort of the Board Room carpet to the bare boards of H.Q. proves their durability."

## MOCCASIN

TWO-PURPOSE

*Shoes*

SAVE PRECIOUS COUPONS



FADMORE & BARNES LTD.,  
Moccasin Shoe Makers, NORTHAMPTON



**"In the present  
state of medical  
knowledge..."**

The modern doctor can afford to admit the limits of medical knowledge for the very reason that it is growing so fast. Take 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic. Science does not worry that it has not yet been able to explain precisely *how* the special combination found in 'Sanatogen' does its work: it is content with the fact that 'Sanatogen' does in fact revitalize exhausted nerves. Ask your chemist for a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

## 'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war time—  
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'GENATOSAN' Product.

Subtle fragrances of  
the peaty burns

## Red Hackle

Scotland's best Whisky  
HEPBURN & ROSS Glasgow

**Valstar**  
"777" Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE  
QUALITY AND  
DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS  
HAVE THE VALSTAR "777" RAIN-  
COAT—SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE  
STRICTLY LIMITED.

VALSTAR LTD., SALFORD 6, LANCs.  
Also at 314 Regent Street, London, W.1

**HEADACHE** quickly  
banished  
by  
**Cephos**  
THE PHYSICIANS'  
REMEDY  
Sold everywhere



*Everything you need  
and a bag to carry them*

Cast back your memory five years  
and you will recall the variety of  
needs that Austin Reed provided  
for, and the dispatch with which  
these needs were met. Those days  
will return.

*When peace brings back the  
plenty, the Austin Reed  
service will be there*

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES · LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789



## Knowing How . . .

Many of the feats of skill that appear almost miraculous to the onlooker boil down when you look into them to little more than "Knowing How." And making the finest tyres in the world is no less a matter of "Knowing How" than walking a tight-rope or scoring a century.

It is through this "Knowing How" that Goodyear have attained their position of Leadership in the development of quality industrial

rubber products, of both natural and synthetic rubber. The first cube of synthetic rubber came out of the Goodyear Laboratories as long as eighteen years ago. Since then, Goodyear have built up a unique store of skill and knowledge in the technique of using the synthetic rubber. This experience was of invaluable assistance to the United Nations when, in 1942, Japan seized 90% of the world's stocks of natural rubber.

*Another*

**GOOD YEAR**

*contribution to progress*



Leather Sandals, in deck-chair colours, with Clarks special *hinged* wood sole. They're hard to find, so don't set your heart on them until you've set foot in them—there are always other good Clarks styles for consolation.

*Clarks of Street have  
retailers in nearly every  
town. Please choose  
from the styles that  
you find available.*

**Clarks**

# Monk & Glass

CUSTARD

One of the jolly good  
things that's scarce

*Still the same high quality  
Sold by all good grocers.*





# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVIII No. 5448

June 13 1945

## Charivaria

THE Japs' V-weapons are paper balloons. To make them they have had to sacrifice their entire rebuilding programme.

"There is a lot to be said for the prefabricated dwelling," states an M.P. So much for the hope that it already had been.

American soldiers in uniform are now permitted to visit Eire. They express surprise at the number of policemen with Irish accents who are not in New York.

"Simple, candid advertising pays best," says a publicity expert. If you have a furnished flat to let, just say so in your own words, not forgetting to mention that no reasonable offer will be accepted.



To judge by complaints about garage rents, it would seem that it is cheaper to buy a utility sectional garage and, when the weather is bad, shelter it in one's car.

"OPERATION ON 'HAW-HAW'"

STILL SEARCHING FOR RIBBENTROP

Headings in Liverpool paper.

Thorough, aren't they?

An increasing number of Situations-Vacant advertisements are now concerned with billposters. Sign-painters too are in growing demand in the Stick-No-Bills line.

An Alaskan trapper who arrived in Canada last week knew nothing of Hitler. Well, we haven't heard from him for some time, either.



Another sure sign that the Government are controlling the peace is the acute shortage of it.

Staggered polling has been arranged for holiday-makers. So, whichever way the wind blows, the rain is going to have two chances of spoiling someone's ballot paper.

The Royal Horticultural Society hopes soon to promote an International Flower Show. Our only fear is that, with so many diplomats on friendship missions in the same field, there may be a serious clash of bouquets.

"I heard some absolutely new jokes on the radio the other night," claims a correspondent. We can only suppose that his experience was due to a long period of careless listening.

"Two, or to be exact, six films which concern children have been shown privately in London this week."

"The Times."

But why split hairs?

According to a gossip writer, one of the members of the Ministry of Information staff is a keen amateur astrologer. Just at the moment he is busily forecasting the cessation of hostilities in Europe.



"Are the children getting fair play?" asks a correspondent. It seems to be only the fortunate few who can bully an adult into taking them into an "A" film show for a convivial smoking session with the others.

A good deal of sugar, we learn, goes into synthetic rubber. But that's not what the cookery book calls it.



## Coal Dispute

NOT very long ago I had to take some coal over from a man. The coal was in a shed and the shed formed part of the message, or at any rate leant up against the message, which I proposed to rent from this other man. So it was fair that I should pay for the coal.

It is more difficult to pay for coal than you might think. The man who owned the coal (referred to hereafter as the coal-owner, though the title is a little grandiose for such an inoffensive sort of chap), led me out to the shed and we peered in at the coal through a square opening in the front. It was, I suppose, more of a bunker, really, than a shed.

"There you are, you see," he said.

"Yes," I said.

There was a short pause, and then I observed that I should be happy to take the coal over. "It looks good coal," I remarked.

"It's excellent coal," said the coal-owner.

"Good," I said, prodding it gently with my stick. "Some of the coal one gets nowadays is quite useless—half rock."

"That's it," he agreed. "And the rest slack. No heat in it at all."

"Well," I said after a while, "as I say, I shall be glad to take this lot over."

"About how much would you say there was there?" he asked casually.

I had been afraid he was going to ask that. Some men would have said, quite baldly, "Well, there it is. Three-quarters of a ton, at 52s. a ton. It's yours for two pounds." But not this chap. He was the sort of man who wouldn't have any more idea than I had how much there was, and would be equally determined not to make a guess in case the other party thought he was trying a fast one.

"How much?" I repeated. "I've no idea. I'm no judge of coal. I mean, I can tell good coal when I see it, but I can't judge amounts. It's a different matter when it's sacked," I added.

"Well, we needn't be too meticulous," he said. "How much would you say, roughly?"

"What would you say yourself?" I asked.

This seemed to strike him as a most unfair question. "Oh, Lord," he said, "I wouldn't begin to know."

"Perhaps we could get someone to come and assess it," I suggested. "Your coalman or somebody."

He waved the idea aside. "I don't want to make a fuss over a bit of coal," he said. "Just pay me what you think, and I shall be quite satisfied." This is the sort of remark that guides and ferrymen make, but a coal-owner ought to be above such cowardice.

"No, no," I said. "We can surely make an estimate of sorts. Look, how much does this thing hold when it's full? Two ton? Four? Or what?"

"I don't know," he said gloomily. "It never has been full."

"What I thought was," I explained, "that if we knew how much it held altogether we could easily judge by eye that it's now a quarter, or say a third full—"

"A quarter."

"More like a third."

"No, no. Barely a quarter, I should say."

"If you run your eye up the wall—"

"I shall be more than satisfied to settle for a quarter."

"Of course," I said, "if we don't know how much it holds when full, all this is rather academic."

He agreed with this view, and there was another interval of silence.

"We could measure up," I said desperately. "I mean, if we found the cubic capacity of the shed, we could tell how much it will hold, pretty nearly."

"We could, if we knew the weight of a square foot of coal," he objected.

"A cubic foot? Well, there's a piece over there that isn't far off, if we chip that projecting piece away. Would you mind weighing that?"

"I was just wondering," he said, "whether one can measure the cubic capacity of a shed with a sloping roof. It's a long time since I did even a wall-papering sum."

"You mean where you divided the perimeter of the room by the width of the paper—"

"Allowing for doors and windows."

"—and multiplied the number of widths by the height of the room?"

"That's it. And got the answer to the nearest whole piece, in pounds, shillings and pence."

We were both rather pleased with this mathematical *tour de force*, and might, in time, have got out an estimate for papering the coal-shed, had not the coal-owner suddenly reminded himself of the business before the meeting. "The point is," he said, "that cubic capacity is a different sort of thing altogether from wall-paper. If it was a square shed it would be easy, but with this roof—"

"I think I can do it," I said. "We must find the cubic capacity of the part of the shed up to where the roof begins to slope—I mean of course up to where it begins to slope up. Then all we have to do is to imagine it doesn't slope at all, measure the difference in height between the top of the slope and the bottom, multiply by the length and depth, halve the result—I could show you better with a diagram—and add it to the answer we got on the first part."

"What would that prove?"

"It wouldn't prove anything. It would simply give you the cubic capacity of the whole shed."

"Why not just measure up to where the roof begins to slope, and then estimate what fraction of that part is filled with coal?"

"All right," I said. "Yes. That might be easier."

"The trouble is," he said, "that if we did that you would be paying for the coal as if it was *all* coal—I mean of course it *is* all coal, but you would be paying for the space between the pieces of coal as well, if you see what I mean."

"Oh, that's all right," I told him. "We won't quarrel about a little air. Or put it like this. You think the shed's a quarter full, and I think it's a third. So would you think it fair if we called it a quarter and I pay you for the air? It's a sort of compromise."

"Excellent," he said, rubbing his hands. "That will be quite agreeable to me. Now, what do you think would be the height of the shed?"

"You mean up to where the roof begins to slope up?"

"Yes."

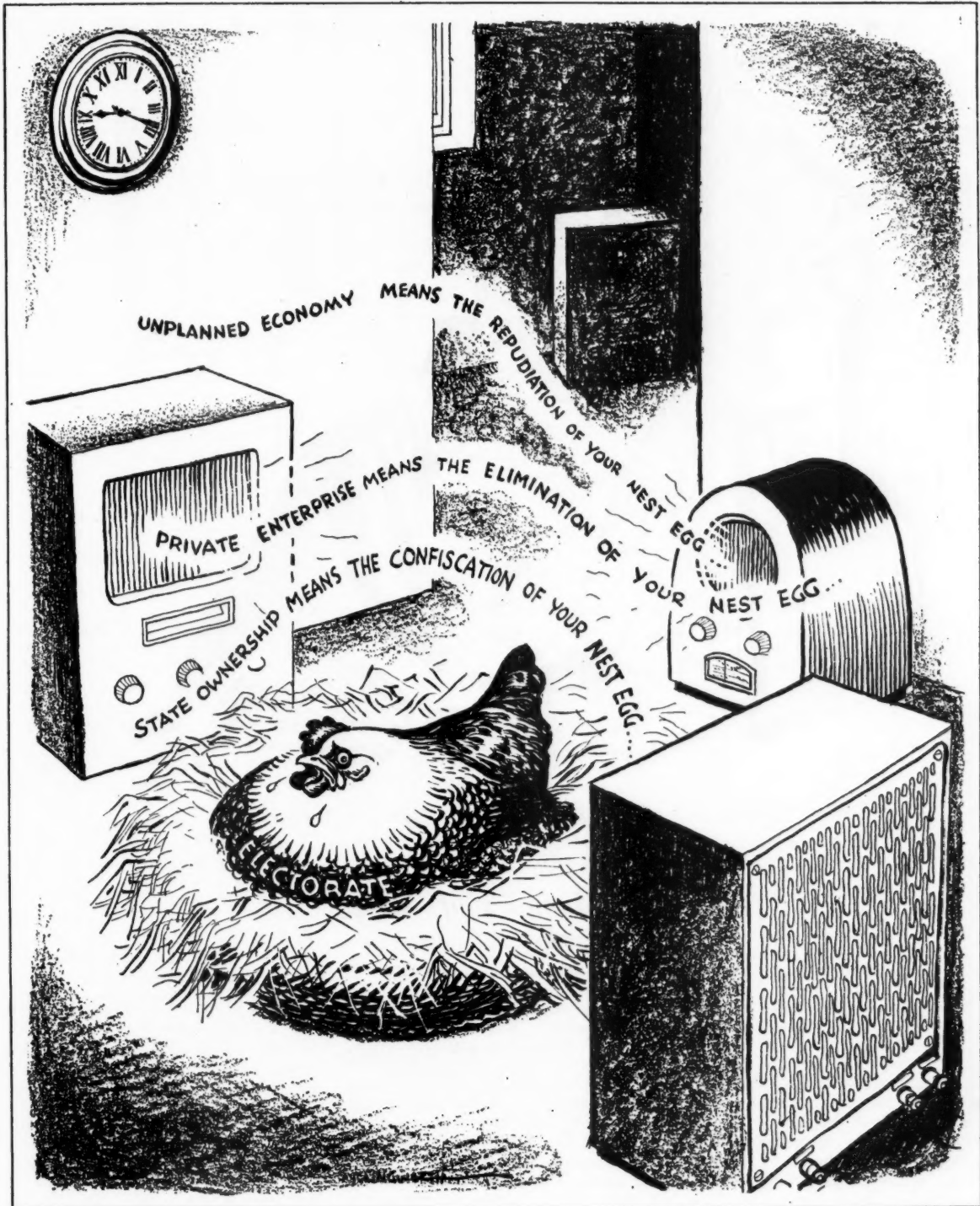
"Oh, Lord," I said, "I never could judge heights."

We agreed in the end that I should have the coal for nothing, in exchange for not asking him to get the black-out scraped off the landing skylight.

H. F. E.

## Happy Returns

"In July we shall have a genial election."—*Schoolboy's essay.*



NOCTURNE



*"Business has been wonderful since you Americans came across."*

## *The Memoirs of Mipsie*

*By Blanche Addle of Eigg*

### XVII—Revolution in Goulashia

**I**N my last chapter I told my dear readers how Mipsie introduced many things to her adopted country—good old English customs such as pantomime, brandy and soda, rubber hot-water bottles at the palace, to replace their primitive though picturesque platinum warming-pans, which she had sent home to England instead, as keepsakes. She also persuaded Prince Fedor to alter the New Year tradition of every man and woman saluting their own sex with three kisses, accompanied by the greeting "St. Plasticine attend thee," to the same delightful action applied to

the opposite sex instead. It was a popular move with the more advanced Students' Party and with the army, but in the rigid Court circles it was considered an innovation. Other things seemed to Mipsie unjust and uncivilized, and she threw all the weight of her husband and step-son into a gallant attempt to amend them. For instance, it was customary to pay honour only to unmarried women in Goulashia. On Midsummer Day the men would always present young girls with gifts, accompanied by a sprig of maidenhair fern, while the married women received nothing, and those

who had had more than one husband were forced to shut themselves up all day with their blinds drawn. This struck my sister as positively cruel, and while she was in Goulashia she did her utmost to establish the proper position of married women and special recognition of divorcees. In this she had Fedor's full support—indeed he was first attracted to Mipsie because of her late divorce, which he believed to be an integral part of the English Society he admired so greatly—and for Prince Michel of course she could do no wrong. But her step-daughter Irina thought otherwise, and she,





**THANK YOU** for your most generous support. Mr. Punch is deeply grateful to you all for enabling him to alleviate in a small degree the hardships of this devastating war.

The European war is won, but the women and children in the recently liberated countries will need warm clothing and plenty of it during the coming winter.

The Navy, Army, Air Force and Merchant Navy still have an immense amount to do in the war against Japan and will need socks, cigarettes and other little comforts to make life more tolerable.

Mr. Punch will continue his efforts to supply these needs until the cessation of hostilities with Japan. Your help is urgently needed. Please send to him at **PUNCH COMFORTS FUND**, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940*

unfortunately, still held sway over a large portion of the population.

The first sign of trouble was a small bomb in Mipsie's muff which she suddenly discovered whilst attending Sunday service in the cathedral. She dropped it in the alms-box and thought no more of the matter. But two days later she found another concealed in a hat which came by post from Paris. It must be explained that in Goulashia revolutions were very frequent, and every peasant was taught to make bombs from childhood. A whole family used to sit round the fire in winter-time, Mipsie told me, carving and painting with great skill bombs of every shape and size. Luckily the Goulashians were very poor mechanics, so it was rare for one actually to go off; still, it was a factor that had to be considered, and as chocolate-coated bombs began to appear in a full box of sweets ("my bon-bombs," Mipsie used laughingly to call them) and tiny white bombs in her sugar-basin on her breakfast-tray, it became necessary for her maid to sample everything first, in case of accidents.

On Easter Sunday, 1910, the storm burst. When Prince Fedor, in accord with an age-old custom, presented each of his bodyguard with a brightly painted bad egg at the Easter Parade, the men one and all dashed the eggs to the ground, where they broke into a

thousand chickens. The same day, slogans began to appear all over Ekaterinbog: "*Pzrum! copijk Engle-vzcka bgowdl.*" "Get rid of the English —" Mipsie said I shouldn't understand the last word even if it were translated. To make things worse, Fedor's ninety-six-year-old mother, Princess Amnesia Ubetzkoi, immediately moved back to the palace, saying that she had always been on the spot for every revolution and was not going to alter the habits of a life-time. She was devoted to Princess Irina, and was consequently another thorn in Mipsie's all-too-tender side.

Even so, it is doubtful if my sister—absorbed in her delightful friendship with Prince Michel—realized fully the seriousness of the situation, until she learnt of the strikes in the platinum mines. Immediately she awoke to the danger that might befall Goulashia, should her staple industry be ruined. Mipsie herself had asked Fedor, on their marriage, for a block of platinum shares, "so that she could share in the life-blood of her new country," as she beautifully expressed it. She knew therefore that the strikes could only bring disaster—bread famine for the people, dividend famine for herself. As ever with her, action followed knowledge.

The Goulashians are an intensely superstitious people. And especially do they revere their patron saint, St. Plasticine, who was actually a reigning prince in the fourteenth century, canonized on account of his liberality to the poor. He is depicted always in white, with flowing golden hair and beard, carrying a jewelled box containing roubles. Mipsie had the brilliant idea of donning her costume for Prince Charming in Cinderella and,

accompanied by Michel, driving by sleigh round to the various mines, where inflammatory meetings were held most evenings. An arc light, attached to the horse's tail, shone full upon her as she made her stirring appeal, as from their patron saint. The effect was electrical. Some knelt, many wept, all went back to the mines...

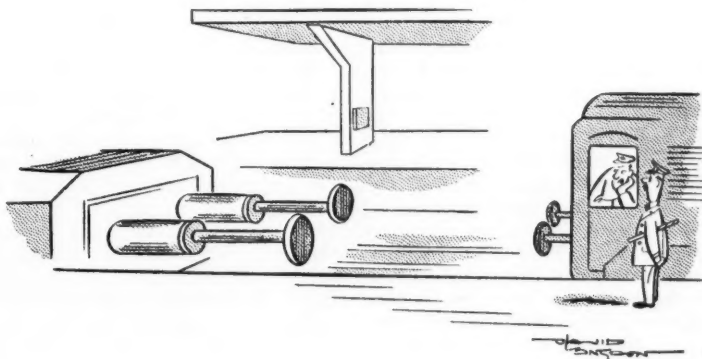
Thus did my sister persuade ninety per cent. of the strikers to resume work. But at length there came a day when the welcome was so overpowering that the crowd came too close. One miner inadvertently knocked from Mipsie's hand the jewelled box, associated with the saint, which she always carried. It opened as it fell—and out of it poured sticks of grease-paint, mascara, yards of false hair. The next moment a foreman, his suspicions suddenly aroused, twitched away Mipsie's long golden beard—and a howl of fury went up from the mob: "It's the English —" (Again that word that I shouldn't understand.) Somehow, Michel got Mipsie away to safety, and the discovery was hushed up by all the miners concerned being sent to Siberia. My sister had saved the country—but at what a price! For in the emergency they were forced to abandon the sleigh which they had used throughout the tour—a sleigh in which the whole of the driver's seat had been filled almost to the brim with solid platinum nuggets

M. D.

#### Queering the Pitch

"Owing to a recurrence of the cricket nuisance in the vicinity of Tithe Barn Estate, Lymington, an adjacent rubbish dump is to be sprayed with creosote."

*Hants paper.*



"Cor, I'd give anything to have a crack at them!"

## News from Germany

**M**Y DEAR MOTHER,—There is no doubt that those who say that you should not interfere with things that do not concern you are substantially correct.

I was only trying to be helpful. The Military Government detachment with which I am staying is horribly overworked; so much so, that when one of the officers interrupted my playing of a very tricky small slam bid in no trumps (he was dummy) to say that to-morrow he had to go out to the town of X to check what cars were available and, if possible, to get hold of one that was in running order but that his workshop had been broken into and he had to find some more tools and then there was the question of fodder for the horses and someone had said that there was a store of usable car batteries in another town in the opposite direction and that car batteries were in even shorter supply than cars and—

The only thing to do, I thought, was to volunteer to go out to X for him. It enabled me to play the hand, and the thought of driving back in a large, powerful and very fast Mercedes-Benz was not unattractive. I suppose it was childish.

The road out was very pretty, through woods and over a range of hills, and with no signs of war or even of armies. X looked even more attractive—untouched, the shops open, the waiters changing the cloths on the tables under the trees in preparation for lunch and the usual collection of elderly men leaning over the bridge looking at the fish in the river, or watching the fish look at them. X obviously hadn't seen any war and didn't want to start now.

I stopped outside the hotel—it had a garage attached—and found the manager. With one hand resting lightly on my revolver holster I said I wanted to know what cars there were there.

The manager was very civil. He said, in reasonable English, that if I would be good enough to wait he would send for the Burgermeister, or rather for Herr A. who was acting as Burgermeister, as Herr B., the former Burgermeister, had fled, which was a good thing for the town, as he was a bad man, a Nazi, which the town was not. All the war, he said, we dislike the Nazis, but there is the Gestapo and what can we do? All of which, I thought, sounded very well; but it was no good allowing any trace of amiable

weakness to creep into the conversation, so I said, very crisply, I thought, that I would inspect his garage. I wished I had had a riding crop with me. It would have been a good thing to tap impatiently against my leg.

We went round into the yard and he said, Excuse me, but the keys are with my sister at the hairdressing establishment, but I have sent for them. Also, I have but two cars here, one the car of the doctor and the other is a car of the *Wehrmacht* of which I know nothing. I walked, or rather strode vigorously up and down the yard while we waited for the keys. In a way, I thought, riding breeches would have been better than battle-dress. Riding breeches with field boots. Then the keys appeared, with the sister. But not alone. Several of the elderly men seemed to have abandoned the fish, no doubt hoping that the scene in the yard would be more fruitful of incident. There were also some children. A great many children.

The doors of the garage were opened and there were the two cars, one a small runabout, the other the car of my dreams, large, powerful, and very fast. The manager started to explain about the doctor's car. He goes every day to the hospital, he said, and into the country for milk for the children and to fetch the sick, and he gathers fuel in the woods and every week he collects money at the bank in Bremen. I laughed harshly. But he will not be going into Bremen any more, I said. Now, what about the other car? He looked at me sadly. That, he said, has no battery. But there is the car of Burgermeister B. at the Fire Station.

When in doubt, the text-books say, act decisively. Take me to the Fire Station, I said.

We set out. Such of the inhabitants as were not following behind us were already at the Fire Station.

It took no more than five minutes to find the key there, and when those doors opened I was carried inside with the rush. It was very difficult to see what the station contained, owing to the press, but I did make out one fire engine and a car covered by a dust-sheet. The children also saw the fire engine and swarmed over it. There was very little I could do about it as I was wedged in a corner with one foot in a fire bucket and the rim of a steel helmet cutting into the back of my neck.

The hotel manager went on talking. The fire engine, he said, was very important to them, although the brigade was rather under strength. Alois was in Russia and Hans had gone to visit his sick father. With an effort I demanded to see the car covered by the dust-sheet and the dust-sheet was removed. It was the Burgermeister's car all right, but this one had no wheels.

At that moment there was a disturbance near the door and a small, fat man pushed his way forward, followed by an extremely attractive girl, who said that she was an interpreter as Herr A. did not speak English and that she herself was French and was it true that Bordeaux had been razed to the ground or were parts of it still standing? At which another woman alongside her broke into loud sobs and said, *Mon Dieu, mon bébé*, from which I gathered that she too was French. Then there was another voice from the doorway. It was American and it said, Say, what's going on around here?

It took some time to explain and in the end the American major was very decent about it all. Actually, it wasn't the town of X at all. I had strayed over the Army boundary into the American area. It's a thing that might happen to anybody with a small-scale map.

The Americans had already checked up the cars there. Still, it was a nice day and the drive back was equally picturesque.

Your loving son

HAROLD.

o o

## Clothes

**O**NE of the worst features of our Welfare Officer life is that Captain Sympson and I have had to wear our service dress a great deal. While there is no actual rule about it, we have felt that we looked much more like Welfare officers in service dress than in battle-dress.

"We could of course change into battle-dress in the evening," said Sympson thoughtfully, "but that would mean changing over our braces, and after a long day's gruelling Welfare I am in no trim for braces-changing."

Personally I have always been a two-braces man, but I have followed Sympson's suit, as it were, and worn my service dress practically night and day all the winter, with the result that about a week ago we discovered that

we were both looking very shabby. We decided that it was our duty to look as smart as possible for our last few months in the Army, but that it was not worth while buying new service dress.

"We must have them cleaned," said Sympson.

We happened to be staying in a hotel at the time, so we rang the bell marked "valet" and a man named Mohammed in a white gown and a red hat appeared. We had previously hopefully rung bells marked "boots" and (even more hopefully) "chamber-maid," but on each occasion the same man had appeared. This time we handed him our service dresses and told him to have them dry-cleaned. I told him in Swahili and French, and Sympson told him in English, Italian and Arabic. He looked at our suits in a sneering sort of way, shrugged his shoulders, and then carried them off. Presently he came back with another man in a high white collar.

"Mohammed no spik the English good," said the new man. "You give suits for salvage or Starving Balkans Relief Fund?"

In the end we managed to convince him that we really did want to have the things dry-cleaned, and two days later we found them laid on the bed. Mine looked almost as shabby as when I sent it to the cleaners, though I found that by standing in the shadows I could look quite smart. Sympson's, on the other hand, had revived in amazing fashion, and looked almost new.

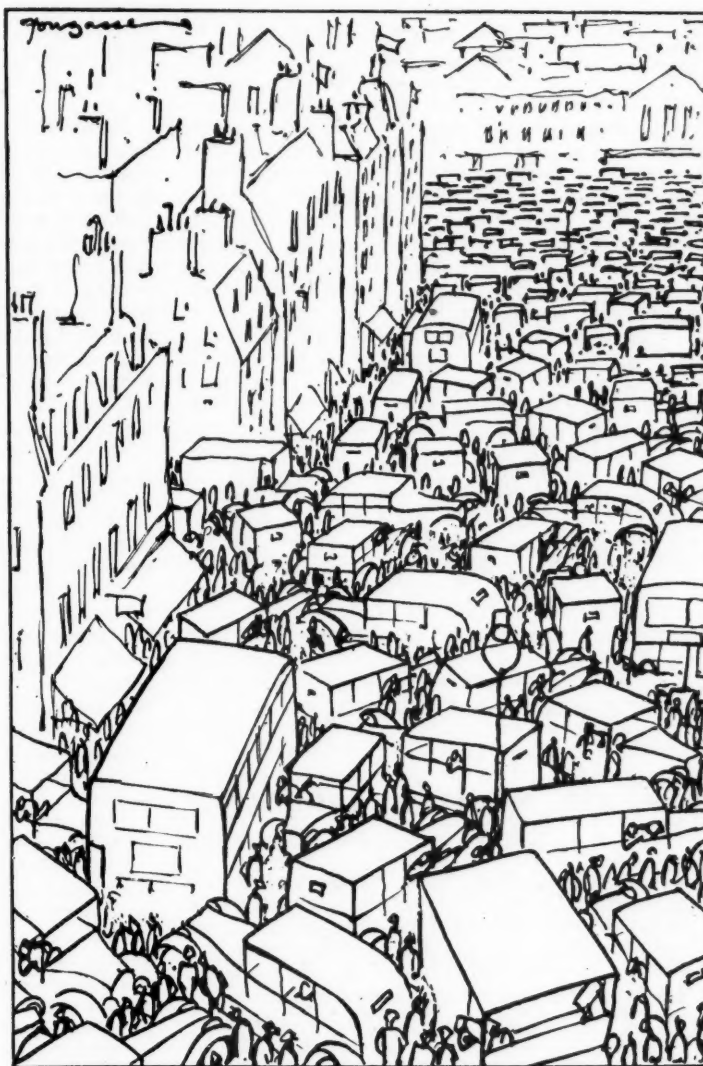
"It always pays to go to a good tailor," he said complacently, "and the few extra guineas that I paid for a really first-class baratheia back in early 1942 are now coming home to roost."

"My service dress," I said, "cost two guineas more than yours, even though I paid cash for mine and you had yours on the instalment system."

"Then you were swindled," said Sympson. "I am almost ashamed to go downstairs with you in that ancient and disreputable costume."

However, for old times' sake he agreed to let me pay for his dinner as usual. We crossed the brilliantly-lighted hall of the hotel, Sympson with a mincing swagger, and I with a tendency to hide behind him. Our attention was attracted by a heated argument going on between a captain of Engineers and the uniformed porter in the little glass aquarium in the corner. The captain of Engineers was waving a service dress in a distraught manner.

"I want twenty guineas damages



"Isn't it grand to be getting back to normal!"

from the dry-cleaners," he said, "and I shall also sue the hotel and write a stiff letter to the *Egyptian Mail*. My service dress had been worn only a few times, and it has come back looking three years old and covered with the ghosts of coffee-stains."

Sympson glanced down at the buttons on the jacket he was wearing and saw that they bore the arms of the Engineers. We made a strategic

withdrawal, opened negotiations over the telephone with the Engineer captain, and an exchange was effected.

We are now dining nightly at an ill-lighted restaurant and wearing our battle-dress during the day.

#### Old and True

From "Punch," June 14th, 1922:

"With reference to the suggestions of a General Election we can only say that nothing shall keep us from our duty of watching Japan."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.





"And I challenge Scotland Yard to deny this."

## Table-Talk of Amos Intolerable

XV

"THE reflection," said Amos, "that we may be approaching the time when *not* absolutely *every* item in the film news-reel will end with a picture of some sort of explosion, has led me into strange paths of thought."

Nobody said a word; we all stared at him solemnly, trying to formulate some uncomplimentary means of expression for the idea that a good many other things must have led him there in the past. He paused so long that I am pretty sure he was primed with an answer to this expected insult, but we disappointed him and he had to go on without digressing from his main theme.

"It has occurred to me, for instance," he said, "that the key to the whole thing is *time*; it's all a question of speed. Consider a tree; what is it? A *slow explosion*. And what is an explosion? A *quick tree*."

He sat up very straight and looked round, brightly. Silence. He started to explain. "Don't you see, the seed sprouts, the shoot comes up, the other shoots come out and thicken—imagine all that happening instantaneously, the force could be almost the same—"

"We get it, we get it," someone interrupted.

Amos rose and bought himself another drink. When he came back to the table with it he appeared to be astonished that no animated discussion was proceeding. He looked from face to face hopefully, and then said "Of course I admit that if you put one grain of gunpowder in the ground and leave it, it can't exactly be expected to—"

"Oh," said someone else, "you do admit that?"

Amos scowled.

His historical and classical references are rare, unorthodox and inaccurate but often touched with a sort of wild logic of their own. Recently, for instance, he observed: "As Caligula said, the Law is a Hoss."

\* \* \* \* \*

Naturally enough, he is always put out when what he had intended to be a wisecrack or a *jeu d'esprit*, however mild, is taken up and argued about as if he had advanced it for a serious opinion. Once he said something was "about as much use as an empty kettle," and it annoyed him very much to have to defend this comparison when a member of the company said—

"Huh! You *find* me an empty kettle, at a reasonable price, that's all, just tell me where I can get one. You'd soon see I had a use for—"

Amos leaned forward as if trying to swim through the table and snarled "Don't you see, that's the point? An *empty* kettle, I said! What use is an *empty* kettle? You mean you're going to *fill* it!"

"Well, for goodness' sake," said the other man, leaning back till his chair creaked. "Of course I should fill it."

"Then it wouldn't be empty, would it?"

"Wouldn't be—" The other man looked round at everybody, collecting support, and then burst out "It would be empty *before* I filled it!"

Amos thumped his hands on the table, stood up, walked to the other end of the little bar and came back and sat down as if he were keeping a tight hold on his temper. Then he said "Look. Here's a kettle, an empty kettle."

His opponent stared with popping eyes as if ready to pounce on it.

"An *empty* kettle," repeated Amos. "How much use is it, empty? As it is? It's useless *till* you've filled it, isn't it?"

"Of course it isn't! Suppose it were full of sand?"

"Who the blazes wants to fill it with sand?"

"*Nobody* wants to fill it with sand!" screamed the other man desperately. "I mean there's no reason to say, just because it's empty—"

This went on for a long time, until somebody else unwarily observed that, of course, it all depended on what you meant by *use*. Amos turned on this unfortunate and bellowed "Nothing of the sort! I made a perfectly plain, straightforward statement—"

"Why," said a third interrupter, "weren't you feeling well?"

\* \* \* \* \*

I remember his endearing reference to a district of London "where there are so many policemen that the burglars walk about in pairs," but I forget where he said it was; luckily.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Inspiration," said Amos, "is a wonderful thing. I once had to propose a toast, and I was in doubt how to begin. But my way to the function led along the Embankment, and as I walked past Cleopatra's Needle I realized what was the perfect phrase with which to open such a speech. True, it would not exactly mean anything, but then how much of how many speeches does? It had the correct cadence, and it superficially implied the logical contrast of . . . Well, anyway."

He stood up and grasped his lapels and intoned: "Ladies and gentlemen. Prostrate for centuries on the sands of Alexandria, I rise to propose . . ."

R. M.

## H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

AS well as Drama I also write Belles-Lettres. This Belle-Lettre is on Youth and Age. This discussion usually begins with the famous French remark: "If the youth knew and if the old age was able to," which I quote in my own translation, and I wish to begin by pointing out how very misleading this is. Young people have thin arms and tire easily, while the old are as tough as hens but learn with the greatest difficulty. Another flaw is that the aphorism leaves out middle age, either because there is no word for it in French or because the author preferred balance to truth. Before the Great War the old had it all their own way. After the Great War Europe got into the hands of youth movements, and these have taken a good deal of trouble to suppress. It is time that those in between had their chance.

The old curry favour with the young to seem younger and the young curry favour with the old to seem older, and both combine against the middle-aged, confusing the issue by calling them suburban and spreading the calumny that they wear bowler hats. One is apt to dislike the generation next to one's own in any case, and probably not until penicillin, etc., has enabled people to live to 130 will the middle-aged get the praise they deserve.

Shrill and half-boiled is what the youthful are. They are no good at seeing difficulties, and when these are pointed out to them by the trained minds of Civil Servants and others, if any, they become impatient and tend to pass resolutions. They are always in rebellion, but owing to modern theories of education it is difficult for them to find anything against which to rebel. They have no asset but their charm, and that they use ruthlessly, like squirrels. Ten or fifteen years ago they held the stage, but already their power is in decline, and government departments are making desperate efforts to preserve them.

The aged, on the other hand, are oily. They have had it so drummed into them that disliking the world they live in is the first stage in leaving it that they approve of everyone and everything. This makes their company like drinking barley water, tedious but lacking opportunities for criticism. They mention the past only to compare it unfavourably with the present. They are a race of collaborators. No longer bearded and imperious, and no longer able to arouse breathless interest in their wills, they have abdicated, and do not attempt to attain even the façade of the power which once gave them a fearful attraction.

This paragraph is devoted to the virtues of middle age, and will be the kernel of the Belle-Lettre. Good taste did a considerable amount of harm during revision, but it still remains trenchant in the extreme. Middle age is the harvest-time of manly virtues. If one is going to be clever at all, then is the time for it. Brains in the young lead merely to passing examinations and the payment of innumerable fees, while in the old they lead to acrostics. Halcyon is what these decades are. All positions are open to the middle-aged man, even, in exceptional cases, the Cabinet. His wife has had time to get used to him, and though he has ceased to react against ideas of his father's generation they will have had time to become fashionable again. He has enough memories to keep him happy, but not so many that they overflow on to visitors. He has had long enough to read the books that are worth reading, but not so long that he is driven to writers mentioned only in footnotes. Games have become voluntary but not impossible; nor can he be compelled to attend any

kind of lecture, at least during peace time, of which, one tends to forget, most of modern life consists. His hair does not take so long to cut, but there is still enough of it to hold sweet-scented pomades. He has ceased to be liable to whooping cough, and is not yet liable to be sent to bed while the rest of the family have a sociable evening.

These notes are partly based on scientific observations of an aged uncle whom B. Smith has lent to our laboratory; his name is Elder Freddie Byng, and his exact age is not known, as instead of a birth certificate he has only a bill which says "To twins: 6s. 8d." He seems very happy in the laboratory and repeatedly says how different it is from the Crimea, where it was very cold and he acted as Florence Nightingale's lamp-lighter. When he was asked what, in his opinion, were the characteristic phenomena, attitudes, reactions, signs and symptoms of old he replied "Regretting street cries." On being given a simple intelligence test of the "True-False" type he caused confusion by writing "Moot" in the margin throughout. Thinking he might be filled with old-fashioned courtesy we tried him on my wife, but he dated from so far back that he just swore at her. He eats almost anything and has a special set of teeth with molars instead of incisors for certain of the local foods. He turns litmus green.

The reader may say that all this is very impressionistic and unstatistical. He may want figures, or worse, decimals. Well, until the doctors invent tests for senility we shall have to rely on what directors of education are apt to call "Chronological Age." Ninety is very old and one is very young, so the middle third of this period, thirty to sixty, would be middle age. As the average length of life increases middle age could end later, but retirement tends to start earlier, so that you get a gap; this, I suggest, should be named from history where at the end of the Middle Ages you get the Renaissance.

FINIS.

### Davis Goliath

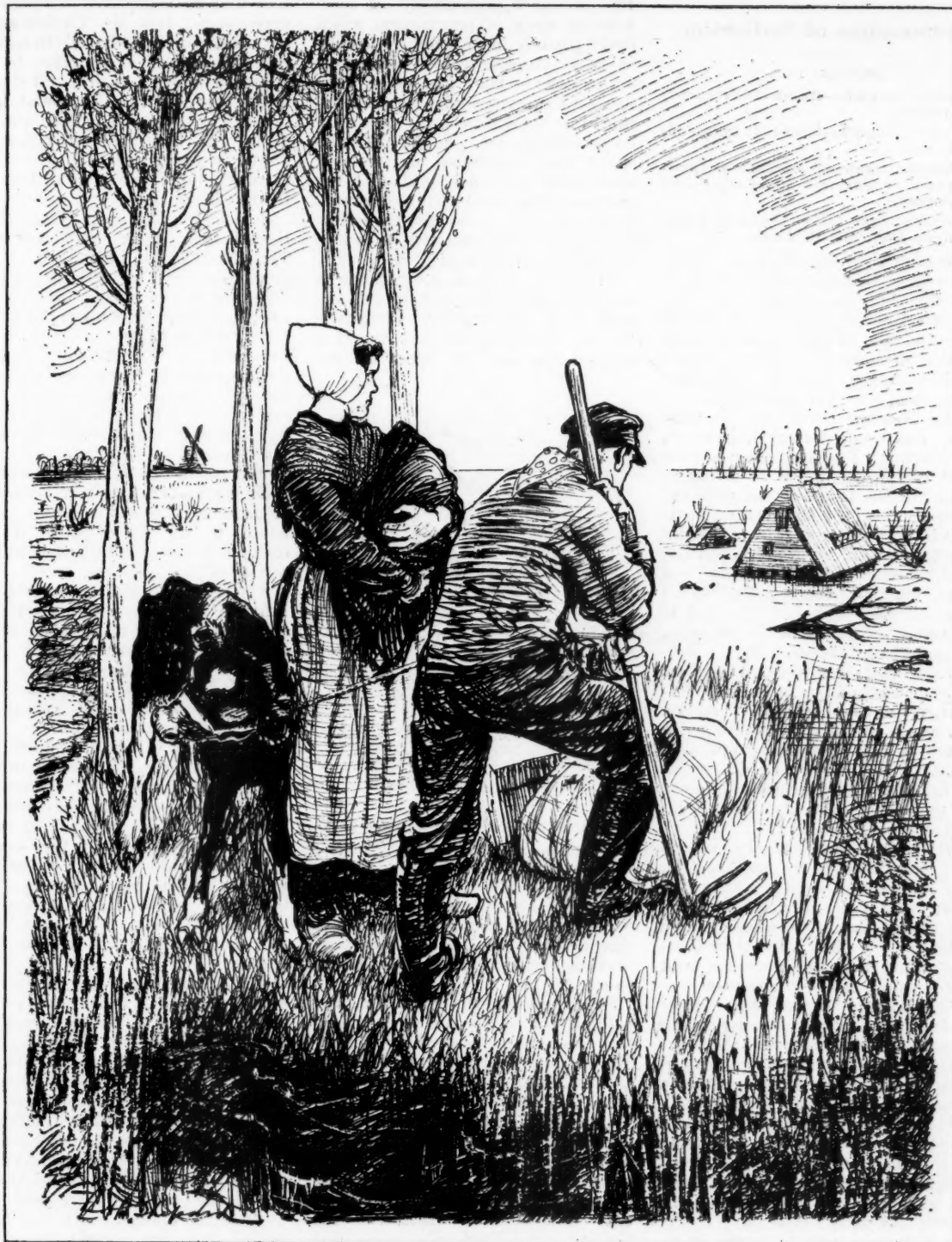
"The Brooklyn welter weight A. L. Davis received a setback when he unexpectedly lost on a technical knockout in the fourth round of a ten round contest to comparatively unknown 'rocky' Grazino. Grazino had all best of the fight and Davis was in trouble before the referee intervened. Davis weighed 146 lbs. and grazino 15½ lbs."—Ceylon paper.



"This is Private Smith, release group No. 1, speaking."







### A LAND DESPOILED

[A National Appeal for the Help Holland Fund is being launched at the Mansion House on June 14. Contributions should be sent to the Help Holland Fund, The Royal Exchange, London, E.C.3.]

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done:

**Monday, June 4th.**—House of Commons: Backchat.

**Tuesday, June 5th.**—House of Commons: Encore!

**Wednesday, June 6th.**—House of Commons: A Question of Supply—and Demand.

**Thursday, June 7th.**—House of Commons: Domestic Problems.

**Monday, June 4th.**—It is but rarely, these days, that Parliament sits on a Monday, but events press, and the General Election takes its place with time and tide in waiting for no man. So Members came, like snail, unwillingly to Westminster—and in surprisingly large numbers. For a Monday.

The Treasury Bench, for the most part, was thinly tenanted, however. Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, is acting as Leader of the House in the regretted absence (to which Mr. ATTLEE made graceful reference) of Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, who is ill. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was there, with Mr. OSBERT PEAKE, his Financial Secretary, but they had to be there, the business of the day being the substituted Finance Bill. Substituted, because it is a cut down (or wallet-pocket) edition of the more far-reaching measure presented earlier. The reason for the cut, let your scribe hasten to add—lest undue optimism about *tax* cuts be entertained!—is that the full-sized measure cannot be passed in the time available before this Parliament dissolves.

Sir JOHN astonished the House, and seemingly himself, by speaking for only ten minutes in moving the Bill, asking that Parliament should "give it a speedy passage into law." This ambition, replied Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, from the Opposition front bench, would not be "frustrated."

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the former Minister of Labour, whose proportions are ample, raised a heart-cry about the size of the average "family" motor-car. Even the official car he was given as a Minister, he complained, was too small, and he had to get into it with a shoe-horn. But that, said Mr. BEVIN nobly, was a small thing (the inconvenience, not the car) compared with the sufferings of the man of the "lower-paid middle class" who had to ride in his car with his knees in his mouth.

Mr. BEVIN spoke for thirteen minutes, and all the time he was "up" Commander WILLIAMS, Deputy Speaker, was going hastily through the

Bill, in search, presumably, of some word or mark of punctuation which could possibly have made the speech in order. Apparently, the search was unsuccessful—but just then Mr. Speaker took over, and, quite correctly, ruled that there must be no discussion on motor-taxation. So Mr. BEVIN's speech went unanswered, and we never shall know (well, not until after the election, at any rate) what the Government intends to do to ease the sufferings of the "baby" motorist, or, rather, the adult motorist in the "baby" car.

The ruling took all the excitement out of the discussion, and the Bill was given its second reading. Perhaps it was the discussion on motoring that aroused the lust for speed in the

they were to be deprived of a personal appearance. But Mr. CHURCHILL is not the sort of man who fails to appear, and sure enough, in a minute, he did appear, grinning broadly, and clearly in the best of form. He bowed, first, in reply to the cheers. Then, turning about with Guards-like precision, he bowed in response to the jeers—and there was no difference at all between the two bows.

Somebody called out: "What about the Gestapo?" and the grin broadened. Then Mr. OLIVER LYTTTELTON, President of the Board of Trade, entered the lists, with a reply about teats (which used to agitate Mr. QUINTIN HOGG so much) and which now seem to worry Labour M.P.s. The Minister expressed the view that his questioner was confusing "soothers" with teats, and gently added that, in view of the imminence of the General Election, the Government could not lend itself to the production of more soothers.

Mr. SHINWELL (who never soothes) inquired whether soothers were to be issued to the Tory party at the election, but seemingly notice will be needed of that question.

Amid cheers, Mr. LESLIE HORE-BELISHA re-entered the Ministerial scene, as Minister of National Insurance, and Sir JAMES GRIGG, War Minister, gained applause for this definition of the well-worn phrase, "As soon as possible": "It means 'at once' or it means nothing."

When Mr. CHURCHILL went into action, and promised consideration of a point about medals, Mr. SHINWELL gravely commented that he "had not much time if he proposed to settle this matter before he left the Government side of the House." To which, with at least equal gravity, Mr. CHURCHILL replied that it was inadvisable, as a matter of prudence, to count chickens before they were hatched.

When that inveterate supplementary-questioner, Mr. RUPERT DE LA BERE, had received his main reply, he rose and, with a bow that did credit to the City of London Corporation, of which he is a distinguished member, announced that he would spare the Premier a supplementary "in view of his magnificent broadcast last night."

Mr. PRITT (of the Left), visibly shaken by this tribute, asked that it should be made public, and Mr. CHURCHILL, always ready to oblige, replied that that should be done—along with the equally-important fact that the broadcast had *dis*-pleased Mr. PRITT.

All signs of Party strife disappeared, and Parliament became the council of



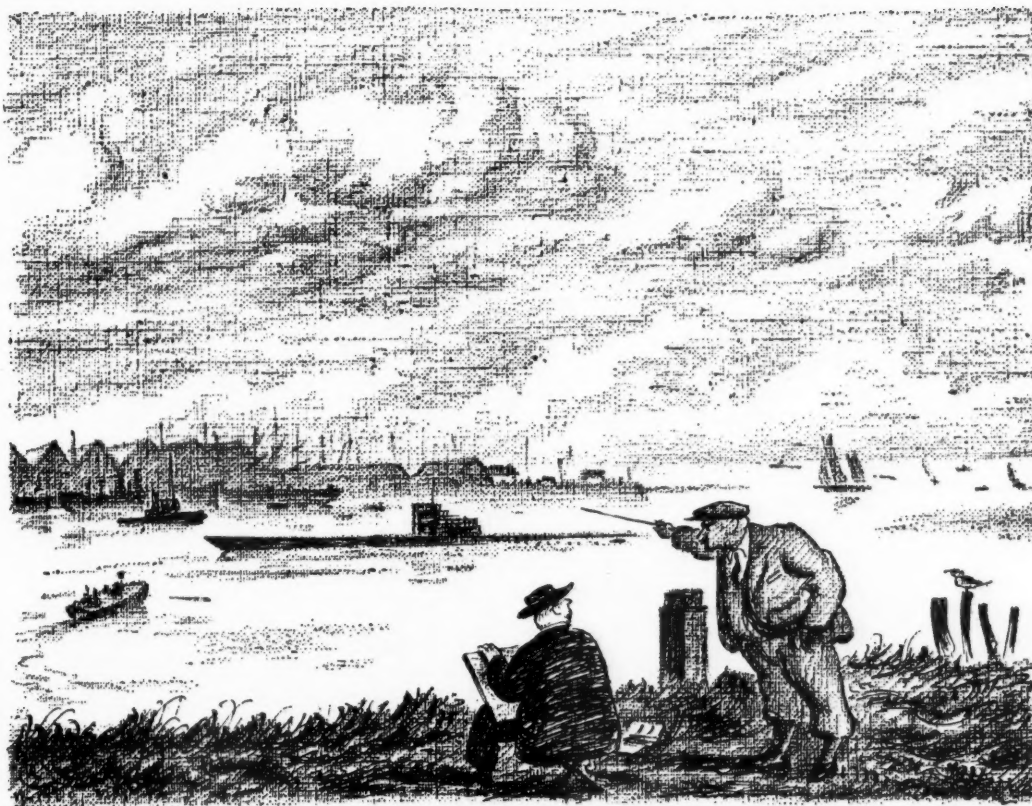
WINDING UP THE BUSINESS  
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

breasts of honourable Members, but whatever the cause, five Bills and three other items of business were hurtled through before the House rose.

**Tuesday, June 5th.**—Even the least politically-minded could sense to-day that there was "something doing." The House was crowded, and Ministers and ex-Ministers wore expressions of acute anticipation.

Overnight, on the radio, Mr. CHURCHILL had opened the General Election campaign, and had made a few references to his belief that a Socialist Government in Britain would import that now-obsolete institution the Gestapo into England's green and pleasant land—not to mention Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland.

The Prime Minister's seat was empty for the first few minutes of the sitting, and some pessimists thought



"Here, what are you doing—sketching that U-boat!"

the nation again the moment the words "Syria and the Lebanon" were uttered. Mr. CHURCHILL made a full statement about the unhappy state of affairs that had developed, and voiced the hope of all that it would soon be dissolved.

*Wednesday, June 6th.*—There was considerable discussion to-day about Supply Days. Those mysterious festivals (or maybe fasts) are the days on which, by age-long tradition, the Opposition calls the tune before the entire House pays the piper. In less poetic words, on which the Opposition puts a Minister through the Third Degree before it agrees to the Estimates of his Department.

This year, because of the election, it is necessary to cut the number of Supply Days remaining from fifteen to three, so as to get it all over before dissolution sets in, as one Member put it.

The proposal was not (as they say) well received—by the Opposition, at any rate. But it went through, and the great big world keeps turning, so

perhaps things are not so black as they are painted.

Incidentally, Mr. TOM DRIBERG, who is a journalist, performed a little canine cannibalism (defying the precept that dog doesn't eat dog) by complaining that the Lobby Correspondents had correctly forecast the date of polling in the coming election. This drew from Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, the First Lord of the Admiralty, warm praise for the discretion and skill of those Knights of the Pen, whose work presents Parliament to those (as Mr. CHURCHILL always puts it) "out of doors." And, for once, the House, which likes the Parliamentary Press (whatever it may think of the Press at large), cheered.

The earlier proceedings had been enlivened by the state entry of Mr. CLEMENT ATTLEE, Leader of the Labour Party, who had, overnight, replied on the radio to Mr. CHURCHILL. The cheer he got was certainly a loud and prolonged one, if ever that well-worn phrase was justified. In fact it was so loud and prolonged that Mr.

QUINTIN HOGG, who has but recently scaled the heights of the Treasury Bench, so far forgot himself as to exclaim in admiration: "Jolly good show, chaps!"

That sturdy electioneer, Mr. VERNON BARTLETT, wistfully asked the Minister of Food if he would restrict the supply of overripe tomatoes in the coming weeks. In the case of one so popular, this seemed to be carrying altruism a good way.

*Thursday, June 7th.*—Mr. CHURCHILL reappeared to-day, to engage in some badinage with the Opposition. He announced that next week a great deal of work would have to be done so as to pave the way to the dissolution and the election.

That being so, the Family Allowances Bill will have to pass without amendment, if at all. That, said Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, acidly, is democracy! Yes, said Mr. CHURCHILL, for democracy presupposes elections, and elections take time.

And so we passed from the penultimate week of this Parliament.





"It's a new Ministry of Food recipe—Mock Missionary."

## Eight Days' Diary

*May 25th—Paris.*—What a day! "Vive Montee!" There has been little like it, they say. Not even Copenhagen gave our Field-Marshal a better and louder "Hullo!"

Best of all, perhaps, was the morning ceremony at the Invalides, when de G. decorated "Montee" with the top "thing" of the Legion of Honour. A fine sunny morning, a stately show; but friendly and charming in feeling. Crowds of people all round great courtyard. Silk stockings dangling from the round windows. The great figure of Napoleon looks down on French cavalry in delightful comic opera kit, on Chasseurs à pied, more business-like, on General Koenig and "Montee." National Anthems. Salutes. Small boy sitting on Napoleon's left shoulder slightly spoils historic effect. De Gaulle a little late, and "Montee" stands alone in the sun. Never mind. Everybody happy. Small boy has been pulled off Napoleon. De Gaulle arrives. More National Anthems, more salutes. Rheumatics in right shoulder. De G.

embraces "Montee" on both cheeks and drapes an enormous red ribbon over him. "Vive Montee!" *Tout le monde* cheers madly and cries a little. The F.M., almost invisible under the red ribbon, inspects the march-past and is whisked away to the next engagement in an endless day.

But what a day! Not for the F.M. only and his soldiers, but for Britain and France. This was the real stuff.

Missed the slow drive down the Champs Elysées (never could spell that); but hear it was a rosy riot. They swarmed all over all the cars. *The Détente Cordiale.*

Then the British Military Exposition opening, and speeches outside. Duff Cooper, British Ambassador, very good, and very French, in French: then "Montee" in English and French. Diplomatic circles maintain that his French is worse than Winston's, but it was a brave effort and went down well. More and longer salutes, and more rheumatics.

The British Exposition Militaire

seems to have created a new record in Paris by being a *good* Exhibition. Such a crowd, and such heat in the "Burmese jungle," full of parrot and monkey-cries, that the total effect was admirably unpleasant.

Then the *Vive d'honneur* at the Hotel de Ville. More speeches. Camp-followers by now exhausted, but Achilles still fresh and dauntless.

The final speech was in French, and quite extempore. It was delivered to an excited, affectionate crowd that pursued the F.M. into the Embassy Courtyard. It was very brief—"Allez-vous en." There was a slight pause to absorb this unconventional address: but then even that went well—and so did they.

*May 26th—Germany.*—In the morning flew to Luneburg Heath. Looked forward to seeing Ruhr. Did not see Ruhr—or even Rhine, because of cloud. Instead, studied German yachting-terms, ready for Baltic trip to-morrow. A long-winded language—nearly always three syllables to our one.

"Helm" is "steuer-ruder." On landing saw large company of Belgian P. of W.s about to be flown home. Work of Air Transport Command in this department, we gather, has won very high marks—D.P.s (Displaced—or, as some say, Displeased—Persons) have been distributed smoothly in many directions with miraculous efficiency. Remaining problem, East-bound D.P.s—Russians whom the Russians won't have, Poles who won't have the Russians, and so on.

Lunch on Luneburg Heath, few yards from historic spot where Germans, generals, admirals and all, made unconditional surrender of all armed forces in N.-W. Germany, Holland and Denmark (including islands). By the way, complete vocal recording of final scene was made—"You sit here, Admiral"—and so on. Unique. Pretty good Christmas present. Luneburg was German Aldershot, highly suitable for German Army's last lesson. First meal on conquered soil tasted good.

After lunch into noisy air again and to Baltic. Over Kiel, Hamburg and Bremen. Activities of R.A.F. at all these points quite noticeable, but astonished so many big bridges intact. Hedge-hopped down Kiel Canal at about 50 feet and met first three British destroyers coming through. Delightful spectacle. One ship flashed "V." Hear, hear.

German villages looked charming. Sad thought—full of Germans. Flying over open country realized what we all knew—frightful cheek of German talk about needing *Lebensraum*, cramped and so forth. Seemed to be vast cultivated spaces with scarcely a house. Wonder is they have the chaps to cultivate it all. But they have. No agricultural expert, even from air; but crops looked good, and soldiers say they are.

Other thought—trees. Why don't we grow more trees? All the little towns—all the suburbs—woolly with trees. Forming fours down the avenues. But look at our new suburban "avenues." One dead sapling every quarter of a mile.

May 27th.—To Baltic, by air and jeep, with three sailing soldiers for Operation Ketch. Yacht, before capture, belonged Austrian ship-owner. On the way, inquired form about non-fraternization—burning topic everywhere. Soldiers, all agree, have done grim duty wonderfully. Can't be kept up for ever—not intended—never was. Feel ourselves whizzing along in jeeps, wicked inclination to smile, not at gay girls and children only, but dull staring old men and women. Never-

theless, was good thing done. First time Germans have seen what cosmos thinks of them. Good lesson—if learned. But is it? They say many Germans *don't understand* why soldiers don't smile—think soldiers merely sullen! Shows how necessary order was. Also illustrates slight difficulty re-educating Germans. Best thing, perhaps, gather all children and explain to them present shortage military smiles.

Anyhow, foresaw trouble in small yacht. Not easy heave on same halyard, hoisting mainsail, in strict non-fraternal manner. So it turned out. Fine ketch—charming little harbour—good old messy ship-yard with covetable "ocean-racers" in corners here and there—pleasant smiling owner of ketch with seaman. Explanations *re* rigging, etcetera, produced immediate hint of de-non-fraternization. Caught Colonel positively smiling. Explained "They're Austrians." Hardly any wind but drifted into Baltic blissfully. Made small harbour across bay, avoiding sunken U-boats and Hamburg liners. No noise, no speed. All agreed nothing like sailing in Baltic captured yacht for taking mind off war. At 12 noon owner appeared with small tray, six glasses. "Kummel." Slight dubiety, very temporary. "They're Austrians,"

said Colonel, and we stretched a point. Rained like blazes. Distance run—10 miles. Grand day.

May 28th.—Began composing Election Address. What a bore! Himmler is dead, by the way, a mile or two away. A very plausible man, they say, quite the gentleman.

Fascinating talk with a high officer in "Military Government." What a job! The F.M. is now king of 25,000,000 people. What with "displeased persons," German prisoners, non-fraternization, mines in the Ruhr, war-criminals, shortage of food, shortage of everything, one or two Belsens, "re-education," agriculture, the Americans, the Russians, the British at home—what a job! A great tale of heroic work by British troops, doctors and nurses at Belsen. Officer went to bed worrying about mines in the Ruhr. It rained hard in the night, and in the morning he told us he was awake half the night worrying about his barley crop. Nobody knows what our chaps are doing.

May 29th.—Lunched Hamburg, with soldiers, in rich, silly house. Amazing amount of suburbs left—and, still more surprising, all the small bridges in dock-land. F.M. called on first two British naval vessels to reach the port. Jolly good show. F.M. said "What about splicing the main-brace?" Commodore said "Make it so."

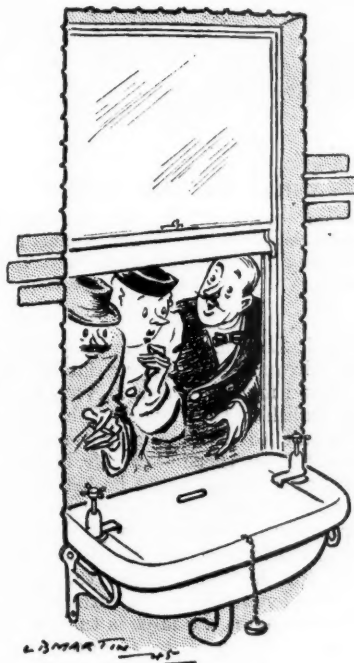
May 30th.—Quiet and battered in a churned-up field saw a fine herd of the Armoured Animals—the Buffaloes, Weasels, Kangaroos—flail-tanks for mine - destruction, flame - throwers, secret tanks, diving jeeps and heaven knows what—all the proud menagerie that made the beaches and the Rhine. A fine show. Salute the 79th Armoured Division.

Saw Mrs. Joyce in the distance. Saw the House Where Himmler Died. Saw camp of German suspects interned for "interrogation." Saw patient British officer politely interrogating. Saw patient British troops guarding the bat-faced mob. What a job!

Picked sprigs of Luneburg heath from historic spot where (see May 26th).

May 31st.—Flew home. Completed Election Address crossing Rhine. Planted sprigs of Luneburg heath plucked from historic spot, etc., at Hammersmith with symbolic section of conquered German soil.

June 1st.—Sprigs and soil doing well. A. P. H.



"Anything that saves space these days is a godsend, sir."

"ADVERTISER reqs. a good Parrot; must talk or swear."—*Liverpool Echo*.

Mild, medium or strong?

## At the Play

"THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR"  
(ARTS)

A SECOND title might be *Ivan in Wonderland*. At one moment a young rip of an unemployed clerk is stranded, penniless, in his hotel bedroom. At the next he is the Mayor's honoured guest, with all the officials of the little town ("plumb in the middle of Russia") ready to do him reverence. It is quite simple. The place is mis-managed and corrupt; its officials dismally await the government inspector; *Ivan Hlestakov* is assumed to be the man, and at once, without knowing it, he soars into *Ivan the Terrible*. Hours pass before he guesses the reason for the committee of welcome, the excellent lunch, the path of roses and myrtle. Like *Alice* he is surrounded by strange creatures — certainly the town has understudies for Tweedledum and Tweedledee — and, again like *Alice*, he is content (for a while) to go wherever he is led.

These are shining passages in *NIKOLAY GOGOL'S* comedy. Mr. GEOFFREY DUNN has the exact approach. *Ivan* is at first vaguely genial, blandly receptive. Hospitality inspires him. He ends as "His Excellency" with a purposeful drive, pulling in bribes right and left and vanishing with the spoils. Mr. DUNN, master of vowel-sounds, is in enviable voice. How wittily he carries off the scene in which, fired by the Mayor's Caucasian brandy, he tells his fables of St. Petersburg! There, we find, he lords it over Palace and Ministry, his tongue tanging with arguments of state, and his pen throwing off the *Waverley* Novels in his spare time.

Naturally, Mr. DUNN is the heart of the famous comedy which has been shaped into an up-and-coming English version by Mr. GUY McCRONE. The early nineteenth-century Russians have, it seems, a full command of mid-twentieth century slang ("half-baked corner-boy" and so on), a device which does nothing at all to enliven the piece. This apart, the Russian merry-go-

round, directed by Mr. JOHN FERNALD, spins cheerfully and at speed. Its most disarming scene, next to *Ivan's* after-luncheon speech, belongs to Mr. JOHN GARSIDE as an official who shivers like a blancmange in a gale or the Mad Hatter in the witness-box.

The least charitable person on view is a Charity Commissioner with the charming name of *Artemy Omlet*. He is played by Mr. PETER CRESWELL with a kind of shaggy soapiness. Honourable mention, too, for Mr.

last word. Surely so gay a revival deserves a better, less flimsy, setting? J. C. T.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"  
"HENRY VIII"  
"TWELFTH NIGHT"  
(STRATFORD-UPON-AVON)

The Stratford Festival Company, after last year's thrust at Ben Jonson, has discreetly returned for its extra play to the accepted run of Old Comedy.

Once more *Marlow* and *Hastings* take their ease in their inn, otherwise the mansion of *Hardcastle*, "man of Gothic vivacity" with wife to match. Mr. ROBERT ATKINS never allows his cast to dither. We would welcome a stronger sense of period; but Miss MOIRA LISTER, for one, keeps well inside the Goldsmith country. Her *Kate* has the right air and grace, and never fusses. Mr. ANTONY EUSTREL, as her partner, develops a most reasonable stammer in *Marlow's* bashful scene, that "pretty smooth dialogue" which over-emphasis can stifle. A properly young *Tony* (Mr. PETER BELL), life of the company at the Three Pigeons, takes his fences at a gallop in an exuberant rural ride. It is a dashing sketch of the play rather than a finished picture; but at least it is honest and unblurred.

*Henry the Eighth* is the season's one history, that sprawling semi-Shakespearean chronicle prefaced by the invitation, "Be sad, as we would make ye."

Few actors revel in *Henry*, and, as usual, *Wolsey's* decline is the evening's height. Mr. GEORGE SKILLAN falls with majesty, though he lingers too long at the closing speeches. Miss VIOLA LYEL finds the true late October quality for *Katherine's* fading.

So to a *Twelfth Night* happy in the enchantment of Miss CLAIRE LUCE's *Viola*, the ripe-pippin *Toby* of Mr. ATKINS, and a *Malvolio* (Mr. DAVID READ) of very tragical mirth. *Feste* is, alas, a singer only; but other Illyrians, plotters and romantics, are in high humour as they weave through *Olivia's* garden under the boughs of fir and poplar. J. C. T.



WHILE THE SUN SHINES

Marya Antonova . . . . . MISS NATASHA SOKOLOVA  
Anton Skvoznik Dmuhonovsky . . MR. MORRIS SWEDEN  
Anna Andreyevna . . . . . MISS NUNA DAVEY  
Ivan Hlestakov . . . . . MR. GEOFFREY DUNN

GIBB McLAUGHLIN as the *Judge* who had dreamed—so appropriately—of rats, and for Miss NUNA DAVEY, fond and foolish as the Mayor's wife, never after all to become a government inspector's mother-in-law. Mr. MORRIS SWEDEN's *Mayor* would be better for a touch of fantasy; but it is an able performance in its solid way. We are permitted for a second to see the real inspector: he stalks in like the shade of the elder *Hamlet* as the curtain falls. Without doubt the farce is turning to tragedy; a sequel to GOGOL's play would be uncommonly grim. (No hope for the officials: the apparition in beard and helmet is unlikely to cast an eye of pity on their losses.) One



## Cob and Pen

THE swan has always enjoyed a good Press. Such was its prestige in ancient times that people refused to believe that it combined beauty with dumbness. It is not very long since it was considered a compliment to tell a woman that her neck was like a swan's, difficult though it may be now to believe that an S-shaped connexion between head and shoulders was ever honestly admired. The Warwickshire Avon was especially famed for its swans; and although there is some doubt whether Shakespeare really had a neck like a waste-pipe, it has been pointed out by Scottish admirers that his initials are those used by their country's barristers, or Writers to the Signet.

There may have been a time when the swan was as amiable as he was beautiful, but millennia of adulation have spoiled his character. We no longer eat him at banquets, but the annual swan-upping on the Thames never fails to be recorded, even in war-time, in the national Press. It can hardly be doubted that this custom leads to a good deal of snobbery, and that cygnets of families belonging to the King and having no nicks in their beaks are not allowed to mix with those belonging to the Vintners' Company (two nicks) or Dyers' (one nick). The swan has a very strong sense of family which extorts respect if one cannot love him. There is no bigamy or divorce in the swan world, or if there is it is very carefully hushed up. Each year a lofty, castellated erection of tough timber is built, and, while the pen enthrones herself on top with queenly grace, the dutiful cob patrols the district with wings spread to the great inconvenience of ducks, moor-hens and casual humans.

For the ordinary camper, picnicker and bather the best kind of river is not swanny. Swans keep very irregular hours, and there are few more heart-rending experiences than to be kept awake all night by sounds, within a few feet of one's head, of a battalion of Victorian sergeant-majors eating soup through walrus moustaches. As soon as food is produced in a boat all the swans in sight sail up in echelon formation, driving away the meekly waiting ducks and demanding tribute as of right. Their supercilious expressions alone are enough to upset a sensitive digestion; and the nervous strain of keeping a boat-hook in line with a feinting swan with one hand while eating ham, salad, pickles and

bread-and-butter with the other has been responsible for countless cases of white-feather neurosis. Even the hardest swimmer, meeting a swan in its own element, finds it difficult to assume an air of easy nonchalance. Stories of drowned dogs, of arms broken by a single flap of a wing, and other favourites of the swan-propagandists, flit through his head, and if a novice is observed shooting through the water like a torpedo it is a safe bet that there is a swan exuding royalty and dirty looks somewhere in the neighbourhood.

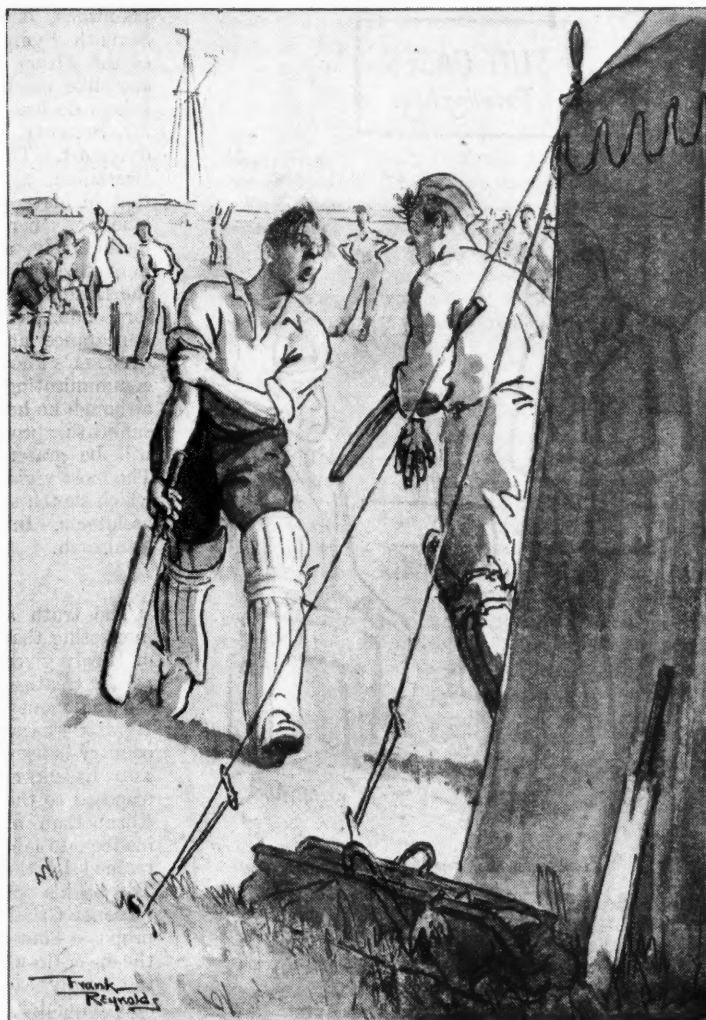
It is not many years since I myself used to be taken in by this paragon of

gleaming purity; until I discovered that, although water rolls off his back as off the back of the plebeian duck, he does not like having his face washed. Two or three gentle splashes with a paddle are enough to send him off with the powerful strokes of offended majesty, leaving behind him a wake like a battleship's and a reputation in ribbons.

### This Week's Understatement

"The unenviable job of shooting a leopard which had half his brother's head in its jaws is reported from Kadugli, Kordofan, to have befallen a Nuba of Gebel Sabori."

Middle East paper.



*"Blimy, you're for it! Delayed action one end and jet-propelled the other."*



"How does that one feel, sir?"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Sacheverell Sitwell and the Arts

THIS beautifully produced volume (*British Architects and Craftsmen: A Survey of Taste, Design, and Style during Three Centuries—1600–1830. With 200 Illustrations from Photographs, Prints and Drawings.* BATSFORD, 21/-) will instruct rather than enhearten its readers, for the mood in which Mr. SACHEVERELL SITWELL unfolds his immense knowledge of the visual arts and their attendant crafts is steeped in melancholy. Looking back from "a ruined Europe, lying in shame and misery," to the "centuries of a universal language in the arts of life," he speaks to us almost in the hollow tones of the disembodied Lorenzo in Keats's *Isabella*:

*I know what was, I feel full well what is,  
And I should rage, if spirits could go mad.*

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, according to Mr. SITWELL, there was a "last, vernal blossoming upon the brink of the common grave," since when art has lain dead, with a few weed-like geniuses drooping over its corpse. As examples of these weed-like geniuses, he instances Keats and Baudelaire, Chopin and Beethoven, a collocation of names which, as Mr. SITWELL is far too sincere to indulge in paradox, gives the startled reader a momentary glimpse into the twilight landscape of Mr.

SITWELL's imagination, peopled with indistinguishable phantoms, one of them, maybe, the composer of the Seventh Symphony, another—who can tell?—the poet of the *Fleurs du Mal*. Since Baudelaire and Beethoven are alike weeds to him, it is natural enough that human beings no less than art have dwindled to nothingness for Mr. SITWELL. "Character, as well as architecture, is a dying art. This, at least, must be the opinion of Mr. Max Beerbohm, a survivor from another age, who remarks that in his youth one would have referred to London as 'she' or 'her,' whereas, now, one mentions London, instinctively, as 'it.'" This book, then, will give more unqualified pleasure to those who instinctively speak of the London of to-day as "it" than to those whose feeling for London as a living entity survives in spite of its unkempt appearance at the moment. But there is always Mr. SITWELL's knowledge; and this is so varied, and his way of communicating it so spontaneous and unpedantic, that, although he heaps it upon the reader with at times almost suffocating profusion, the reader, when he regains his breath, will be grateful for the experience he has undergone. The most vivid and the most interesting chapters are those which sketch the lives and work of the three great English architects, Inigo Jones, Christopher Wren and John Vanbrugh.

H. K.

#### Ill Fares the Land . . .

The truth about the land is, at the moment, more interesting than fiction; and while almost any rustic page of Hardy gives you more agricultural *vie* than a contemporary treatise, no novelist of to-day provides as much fun for the money as Henry Williamson or Rolf Gardiner. If Miss FRANCES DALE had not called her chronicle of country-house quandaries *The Land is in Good Heart* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 8/6) one might have felt more kindly disposed to the Lowndes family who, trying to occupy an Elizabethan mansion and farm innumerable acres with inadequate labour, capital and common sense, have to be rescued by the timely intervention of American dollars. The book's widowed heroine—by the Giant Atlas out of Patient Griselda—feeds her household on stew, and proposes—out of sheer goodness of heart—to hand out to the ne'er-do-weel son of a servant a substantial share of the family capital. With this unjust proposal her son and daughter, whose fortunes are thereby jeopardized, surprisingly concur. A woman of vision would have sacked the wastrel, let half the house, and made rabbit *pâté* instead of stew. In fact the entertainment of providing alternative tactics to Mrs. Lowndes' should keep any land-minded reader reasonably mollified from the first page to the last.

H. P. E.

#### Man's Humanity to Man

"Private William Edward Bishop, of the Worcestershire Regiment, a prisoner of war, has been drowned while rescuing a child in Germany." This simple statement taken from a daily paper of a few months ago is one of some hundreds of extracts put together in a way to earn our gratitude by GEORGE CATLIN, VERA BRITTAIN and SHEILA HODGES in *Above All Nations* (GOLLANCZ, 2/6). There is little present danger that we shall forget the foulness and the cruelty of Nazism but there may very well be some contrary possibility of our overlooking that these horrors do in fact spring from a hypertrophied pseudo-nationalism reacting on sundry other debased Germanic complexes and not from normal human emotions even as Teutonically expressed. All the combatant nations are honourably represented in this little volume. We take it for granted that medical aid should be given to all who need

it and we read without surprise of an English soldier in enemy territory giving his life to save a child playing with a hand-grenade, for instance, but it is good to be reminded that Germans, Japanese and, very often indeed, Italians have honoured enemy gallantry, or softened enemy suffering or simply gone out of their way to do the decent thing. The circular letter of Frau Staritz, a Lutheran woman minister of Breslau, who defied the Gestapo in defending non-Aryans of her city, can be set beside the edict of the restored Emperor Haile Sellasie forbidding to his wild tribesmen in the name of Christ the repayment of long-endured atrocity by cruelty in kind.

C. C. P.

### The Last Round

The fact that Christians find difficulty in establishing the kingdom of God on earth does not absolve them from the duty of working for it. Indeed, M. JACQUES MARITAIN, inspired not by optimism but by the will to hope, insists that only a profound and practical reconciliation between *Christianity and Democracy* (BLES, 5/-) can save the gifts and graces of our common human inheritance. His book was written in America in 1942. Its philosophy is invaluable, its political speculation less happy. Christianity, he maintains, can leaven a monarchy, an aristocracy, even an oligarchy. But democracy derives its only valid title from the Gospels; and "a bigoted dread of the Gospels" has spiritually disarmed democracy. Somehow or other we must restore "evangelical sap" to the etiolated Christianity of America and the lopped and topped Christianity of Europe. For we have only two choices: a slave State subdued by its exploiters or a Christian State self-subdued for the love of God. If Christians can be induced to build up the latter, the heroism of the plain man may defeat collectivism. His inconspicuous figure, humbly engaged on the necessary tasks of civilization, is the human end of M. MARITAIN's hope. It is the proletarianized masses, we are told, who "furnish the dictators with their mobs and their executioners."

H. P. E.

### Some Political Pamphlets

Thanks to the efforts of a Coalition Government, our party system has been preserved and is now able to start functioning again. Electioneering pamphlets are being hurried out, and here are four to serve as samples, two in the Conservative interest, two in the Labour. The chief object of the two Conservative pamphlets—*Your Alternative Government*, by "TALUS" (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 2/6), and *The Left Was Never Right*, by Mr. QUINTIN HOGG, M.P. (FABER, 4/6)—is to prove by quotations from their own speeches that the politicians of the Left in the years before the war threw every possible obstacle in the way of our re-armament. Mr. HOGG writes very well indeed, "TALUS" is lively, and both succeed in their object. There was a haystack to be hit and they have hit it. The object of "DIPLOMATICUS" in *Can the Tories Win the Peace? And How They Lost the Last One* (GOLLANCZ, 2/6) is to convict the Conservative party of trying to enmesh Hitler in a war with Russia which would leave capitalism free to go on exploiting the British working classes. This, of course, is the kind of case which it is impossible to support with quotations from public speeches; so "DIPLOMATICUS" has to fall back upon his reserves of righteous indignation, which are fortunately large enough to enable him to lash his tail even over so threadbare a topic as Munich. The plan of "LICINIUS's" *Vote Labour? Why?* (GOLLANCZ, 2/6) is simple and comprehensive. Are you a Worker? If so, "LICINIUS" will tell you why you must vote Socialist. Are you a

Christian, a Manager, a War Victim, a Business Man, an Idealist? In short (to condense "LICINIUS" into a single query), are you a Voter? If so, "LICINIUS" will tell you why you must vote Socialist.

H. K.

### Background to D Day

Major JOHN DALGLEISH, in writing *We Planned the Second Front* (GOLLANCZ, 3/6), must have had some of the pleasure of the man who is able to answer adverse criticism to such an effect as to make it seem merely foolishness. As his book is the Army's reply to the people who spent a year or two asking why we had no second front in being, the answer has come slowly, but it should grind those ignorant complainers exceeding small. He gives a short but very clear account of the activities that went to the production of D Day, including rehearsals and dress-rehearsals and the devising and trying out of all sorts of strange and new stage properties, and a wonderful story it is. At times the reader cannot believe that such a complex thing of interwoven strands could ever be controlled, and at others feels that with such vigilant and far-reaching preparation nothing could go wrong. Some things did: the first man to land in Normandy was four minutes late! The author's intention has been to give a clear and concise statement, but good stories do keep breaking in: for instance, that of the tank which arrived at its embarkation port with a piano strapped on to its rear. The crew, who had carried it through Africa, Sicily and Italy, were distinctly aggrieved at having to leave the piano behind during the invasion. But they recovered it and "when last heard of it was back on its old tank travelling across France." Altogether an excellent and stirring story with much in it to make us proud and very thankful.

B. E. S.



Hollowood

"And, above all, let's make sure that our candidate can afford to lose his deposit."





"... this cordial and most appropriate exchange of plaques ..."

## Romantic Places

### Bagdad

"IT'S been fixed for the Air Commodore to dine with a sheikh," said Fuller. "You can either go along with him or come into Bagdad with me."

In my mind's eye I saw the minarets, heard the repetitive cadences of Eastern music. Veiled maidens slipped past.

"Well," I said, "I think Bagdad would be quite amusing; if you're going, I mean. On the other hand I suppose a steak with the sheikh would be one way of passing the evening."

I might, I congratulated myself, have been weighing the comparative attractions of tea at a Corner House or a visit to Madame Tussaud's.

Fuller said that I couldn't do both, and need not, in fact, do either. The Mess wasn't too bad now the fan was working again. "At the sheikh's party," he went on, "you would be one of the guests of honour, and would be expected to eat the sheep's eyes at the end of the meal."

"I think Bagdad," I said.

"Very smelly, very warm."

"Never mind. If you're going, I'll come along."

"We'll take old Pimm," said Fuller, getting up and striking a sleeping officer on the head with a *Taller*. "This is Braithwaite," he said, introducing. "He's only in Iraq for one night. Come with us into Bagdad."

"Why?" said the man called Pimm, nodding to me.

"There's something good on at the Al Rashid."

"What is it?"

"I've forgotten, but somebody told me not to miss it."

"Have you noticed," said Pimm, rising with a grunt, "that this fan creaks the opening bars of Rubinstein's Melody in F?"

"I'll trot along and get the jeep," said Fuller.

Outside, the dry heat hit me like a tangible thing. I already feared for my white English knees.

"What's Bagdad like?" I asked Pimm.

"Smelly," he said. "Shockin' prices. How long have you been out?"

"I left last Thursday."

"You *what*?"

He looked at me with the expression of a man gravely affronted.

"I was in London a week ago. I came—"

"You were *where* a week ago?"

"London. I left—"

He gripped me by the slack of my shirt and drew me into the shade. "Let me look at you, my friend, whatever your name is—"

"Braithwaite—"

"Never mind. So you were in London a week ago. And how is London, my good clot?"

A small sandstorm whirled up to us and presently took the shape of a jeep with Fuller at the wheel. "Come on," he yelled.

"Shut up," said Pimm. He shook me gently. "And how was London... last week?"

"It was wet," I said.

He sighed, rolling his eyes up to the coppery sky. "Wet!" he muttered, and pushed me into the jeep. I gave a hoarse cry as I sat down, and examined the fleshy part of my arm with some anxiety. "I should have told you to keep clear of the metal parts," he said.

We were only just outside the camp bounds when Pimm shouted "Stop!"

"We shall never make it," bawled Fuller.

"Stop!" yelled Pimm.

"Now what?" said Fuller, as soon as his face appeared above the settling dust.

"Get out," commanded Pimm, pushing me over the side, "and stand under that signpost."

I should not have noticed the signpost, and was glad my attention had been called to it. It said "LONDON 3287 MILES: BAGDAD 55 MILES."

"Make a very sad picture, this will," said Pimm—"very nostalgic." He had produced a small camera from somewhere. "You're standing under the wrong half—move over."

I took two paces to the right, away from Bagdad towards London.

"Can I come in?" asked Fuller.

Pimm lowered his camera and gave him a fierce glare. "Were *you* in London last—whenever it was?"

"Wednesday."

"About three years last Wednesday," said Fuller.

"Well, then."

He focused carefully, the shutter clicked and he pocketed the camera with an affectionate pat.

"I'd like a print of that," I said as we shot off, speaking before my mouth got too full of sand. Fuller drove at a

high speed, with the windscreen laid flat on the bonnet. The locusts, he explained, made a mess of the glass.

"A print?" said Pimm. "You've got the original, haven't you?"

The road to Bagdad stretched ahead, unrelieved by curve or gradient; on one side billowed a waste of desert, on the other a ribbon of surprised fertility lay between us and the sand-coloured Euphrates. Insects the size of match-boxes struck me about the face and chest. A village of tattered Arab tents whirled past. I screamed a comment.

"What?" shouted Fuller.

"Arab village!"

Pimm pushed his head between us from the back seat and yelled, "Do you ever get into the City?"

"What city?"

"The City of London, clot! Is there much of it left?"

"Lots."

"How's Finsbury Circus?"

"Still there. Look—camels!"

"What?"

"Camels—look!"

But he had withdrawn to the back seat again.

We rushed on. There was a touch of cold in the air and dusk was quickly blotting out the scene as I saw the dark hulk of a city in front of us.

"Is that it?" I cried.

Fuller put his mouth to my ear.

"Can't you smell it?"

"No."

"You will."

Pimm leant forward.

"Better go straight there, or we shall miss half the show."

"I am going straight there."

"What is the show?" I shouted—"dancing-girls and such?"

Presently the town was upon us. It was already dark. Trams were running. There was a lot of hooting. The streets were full of people in good Western suits. From a café a wireless blared "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square." We turned into a side street, then into another, and pulled up in a narrow alley of high windowless walls. Fuller got out and opened the bonnet, taking a piece of the engine out and putting it in his pocket.

"This way," he said, and in a moment we were out in the main street again.

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Pimm, as we paused outside the Al Rashid Cinema—"Bob Hope and Madeleine Carroll in *My Favourite Blonde*. Just the job!"

"I wonder if we ought to have taken the wheels off the jeep," said Fuller, advancing towards the box-office with a dinar note.

Pimm did not even make a pretence of getting out his money. "What sort of films are they getting in London?" he asked, and added, "Hello, clot," to a passing major.

"Revivals, chiefly. The last one I saw was *The Thief of B—*"

I stopped myself just in time. Fortunately Pimm had gone to help Fuller in a violent discussion about his change. J. B. B.

## Fallacy?

I ALWAYS thought that I was poor until I met a rich old bore.

I thought this rich old bore had stacks of cash; but no, it goes in tax.

"In tax," he said, "I pay, as bound, some twenty bob in every pound."

Since I myself pay less than ten, "Drinks are on me," I said; "say when."



"Listeners in Seac who find they cannot receive this programme should retune their radios to 15.85 megacycles per second."

## Economic Slang—a Glossary

**M**ANY readers\* have asked me to say something about the appearance of economists—"What do they look like; and how can I spot them in the street?" I have been set an almost impossible task. Trying to describe an economist is like trying to explain democracy to a Japanese warlord, red to a bull or blue to a goose.

But I will try. Economists have a lean and thirsty look. Their faces and pockets are deeply lined with care and collateral. They wear dark underclothes without padding in the shoulders. On great occasions they wear black jackets and shiny trousers. As visitors they are chain-smokers. They are tough and flinty and have been known to go for days without water.

No, this is not very helpful. Let me try again. You see a man on the kerb—economists are often on the kerb. He looks lean and thirsty, etc. You walk up to him rapidly with an unlighted cigarette dangling from your lips. If the man moves away hurriedly across the street he is probably an economist.

Now he is walking towards you. Bend quickly as though you are

\* Unless his handwriting has been cleverly disguised.

picking something from the gutter. If the man follows you he is probably an economist.

If you see a man disappear into the bar of an inn and reappear instantly, the bar is empty and the man is almost certainly an economist. Most economists wear their art on their sleeves—somewhere near the elbow.

And that, I am afraid, is the best I can do for you. Back to the glossary.

**Rentier.** This is, of course, the comparative of rent; you know—rent, rentier, rentiest. In this sense *rentier* is something of a euphemism. A second meaning of the word is someone who lives on the proceeds of gilt-edged stock or other investments. His name is Charmsworth, I believe—W. E. Charmsworth.

Rent was invented, it is said, by the great economist, Ricardo. Mankind is frightfully indebted to this inventor. During the war rents have been carefully restricted to those who can pay them. An owner cannot raise his rent without first satisfying himself that there is someone to replace his present tenant.

I hope I've got this right.

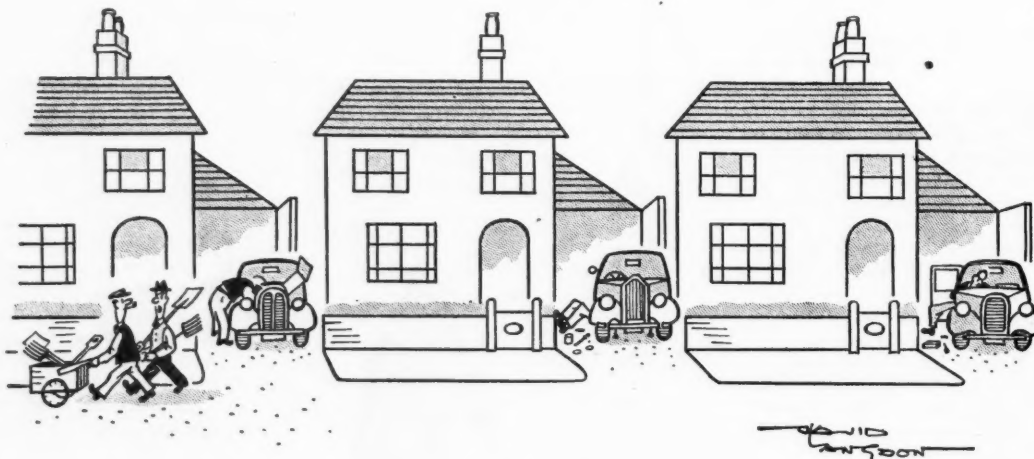
**Jobber's Turn.** Many people do not seem to notice any difference between brokers and jobbers. This is

deplorable, but where the difficulty lies I cannot see. A broker . . . Oh, but you *must* know the mnemonic.

If you mention a particular brand of stock to a jobber he will quote two prices—one higher than the other. The jobber's turn is the difference between the two. He buys at the lower and sells at the higher, the idea being to keep the industrial and financial world in a state of equilibrium. Many people regard the fact that it always seems to be the jobber's turn as unfortunate. They think the honour ought to go round a bit. A nasty turn usually follows a flutter on the Stock Exchange.

**$V_1, V_2, V_3$ .** These are the velocities of circulation of various types of money. They have all increased enormously during the war. No sooner do you change a pound note into silver than you start to spend it. To-day, money goes like water, jet-propelled.

**Barter.** This device makes for economy in the use of money. In the old days it was used extensively, especially for dealing in brides, souls and birthrights. Other examples of barter are: a kingdom for a horse, tit for tat, homes for heroes, and all for the love of a lady. Barter is much older than the black market. **HOD.**



"Mark my words, Bellinger, from now on their gardens and allotments will be ravaged by neglect."

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproduction or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.





Up the Chindits! The Burmese jungle makes stubborn going. But what's a spot of stubble—to Gillette Blades? They're used to smoothing a way through that! Gillette in battledress are still fighting in the Far East, but you'll find the Standard Gillette can take it—on the chin!

## Gillette in battledress

"Standard" Gillette Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

*Sometimes difficult to get—but always worth finding. Production still restricted.*

# FINE, THANKS!



*I eat something  
crisp and crunchy  
every day.*

*When I can get it,  
I prefer*

## RYVITA

**CRISP,  
NOURISHING  
DAILY BREAD**



**All good  
shoes  
need a**

# 'NUGGET' shine

**for extra  
smartness**

**In Black, Brown  
& Dark Brown**

**Supreme for Quality**



N/LJ



A  
World-famous  
drink

**ANGOSTURA  
& GIN**

The genuine "Pink Gin."

**ANGOSTURA  
BITTERS—ASK  
FOR IT BY NAME.  
THERE IS NO  
SUBSTITUTE.**

**Your Hair Brush  
rebristled—**

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

**JOHN HASSALL,**  
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,  
(Dept. L.).

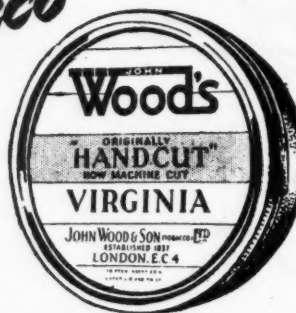
44 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

**THERE'S ONLY ONE**



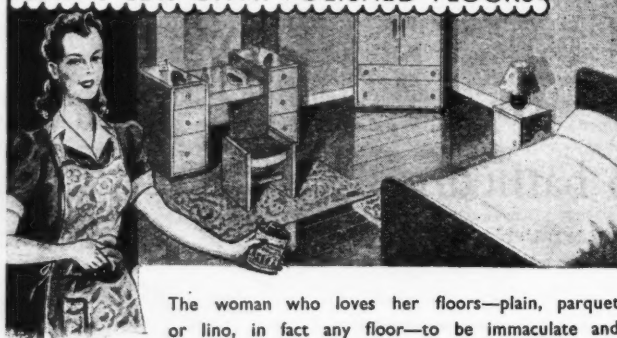
**The Tobacco**

ESTABLISHED  
1837



IN THREE STRENGTHS  
**MILD—MEDIUM—FULL**  
at **3/3d.** per ounce

**MRS. FURMOTO SAYS 'RUGS AND MATS  
CAN'T SLIP ON MY POLISHED FLOORS'**



The woman who loves her floors—plain, parquet or lino, in fact any floor—to be immaculate and gleaming with polish, knows—unless she uses Furmoto the NON-SLIP Floor Cream—that a notice "Step Warily" ought, for safety's sake, to be exhibited.

Furmoto is different. It gives all floors a finely-polished, hard, tread-proof, dirt-resisting surface, and is **ABSOLUTELY NON-SLIP**—an exclusive Furmoto feature.

Each tin carries

**£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING**

Sold in 2½-tins and larger sizes at Grocers, Ironmongers,  
General Stores, etc.

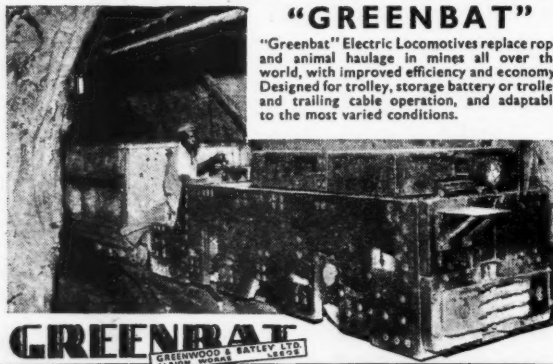
**Furmoto non-slip  
FLOOR CREAM**

Awarded 44 Gold Medals.

In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to:

**FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9**

**IF IT'S A MINING LOCO - SEE THAT IT'S A  
"GREENBAT"**



"Greenbat" Electric Locomotives replace rope and animal haulage in mines all over the world, with improved efficiency and economy. Designed for trolley, storage battery or trolley and trailing cable operation, and adaptable to the most varied conditions.

**GREENBAT**  
GREENWOOD & BATLEY LTD.  
ALBION WORKS

ML.6.

**DAD'S  
MELTICIPATING...**



... that he  
may soon be  
able to buy  
what he likes—

**Meltis**

**Confectionery**

— whenever he likes!

N.B. 'To Melticipate' is to anticipate sweetly!  
MELTIS LTD., LONDON & BEDFORD



**The modern treatment  
for Colds  
VAPEX**

A Drop on your Handkerchief.  
Like many other good things  
Vapex had to make way for  
more imperatively urgent needs.  
Throughout the war pharmaceutical work of national importance has taken and must take first place. Normal conditions will bring a return of Vapex

**THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.**  
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

**Dare-Devil  
COMMANDOS**



**SWEAR  
by  
KOLYNOS!  
of course**

... for whiter, brighter teeth  
and a clean, fresh mouth. Cultivate that regular twice-a-day Kolynos habit and you, too, will swear by this cleansing and refreshing tooth paste.

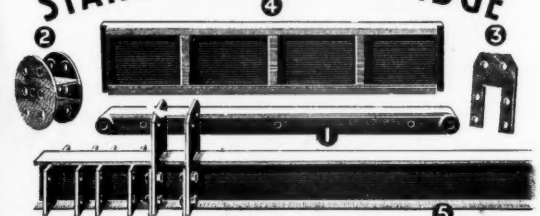
**IMPORTANT—USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.**



Hey there, jump to it!  
You have to be fit for  
promotion, and here's  
the pleasantest way—

—every morning take  
**ENO'S**  
"FRUIT SALT"  
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

**BUTTERLEY**  
STANDARD-UNIT BRIDGE



WITH 5 STANDARDISED UNITS... IN 120 HOURS  
9 MEN AND 2 BOYS ERECTED THIS 270 FT. BRIDGE



THE BUTTERLEY COMPANY LIMITED RIPLEY, DERBY ENGLAND  
LONDON OFFICE 2 CAXTON STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

SB.18

# what is LEDLOY

## ?

There are many who, owing to LEDLOY Steels being first introduced in the Free-cutting grade (B.S.S. 32-Grade 4), have formed the erroneous impression that LEDLOY is merely a high sulphur free-cutting steel containing lead.

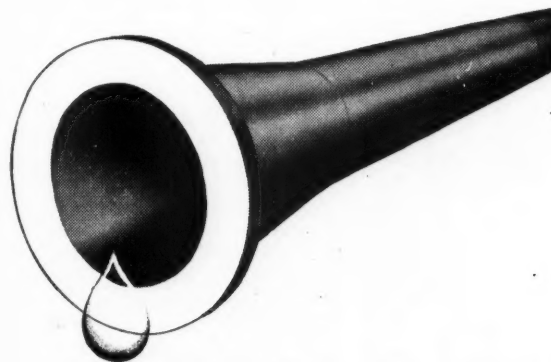
**THE LEDLOY PROCESS ENABLES LEAD TO BE INTRODUCED  
INTO ALL GRADES OF STEEL (ALLOY, CARBON OR STAINLESS)**

Steels to any specification—B.S.I. series—B.S.EN. series—B.S./S.T.A. 5—V. Steels—Aircraft Steels—S. & D.T.D. series, and other standards (including users' own specifications) can be produced by the LEDLOY PROCESS.

LEDLOY STEELS HAVE RECEIVED WIDE OFFICIAL APPROVAL  
AND POSSESS CONSIDERABLY IMPROVED MACHINABILITY

LEDLOY STEELS COMPLY WITH ALL STANDARD  
TEST REQUIREMENTS FOR PHYSICAL PROPERTIES

LEDLOY LIMITED · 66 CANNON ST · LONDON E.C.4



## Even a tube may get upset

When an engineer talks about 'upsetting' something he doesn't mean that he's omitted to notice his wife's new hat. He probably means that he wishes to alter the shape of a steel tube. Steel tubes can be frightfully upset, and this is a good thing for the motor industry because it means that axles, torque tubes and propeller shafts no longer break down under the continual stress of being married to a high-powered lorry. There's a moral to this story. We know that every day, work schedules, customers, and managing directors (in that order) are being upset because of weaknesses which could be cured by steel tubes in one form or another. Tubes Limited possess the necessary guiding knowledge and experience but what they don't know is what's upsetting you in your business. They are always very ready to listen.



An advertisement for **TUBES LIMITED**  
ROCKY LANE, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM, 6 by Tube Investments Limited






# Abdullas *for choice*

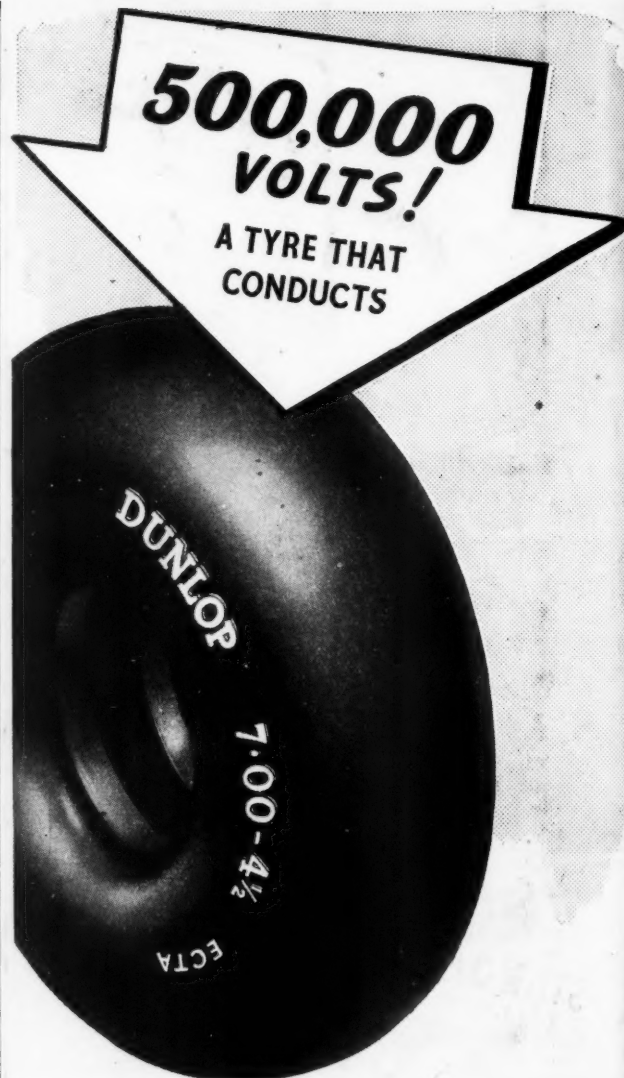
The most popular brands are:

“VIRGINIA” No. 7

TURKISH No. 11

“EGYPTIAN” No. 16

Please  Help  
THE RED CROSS  
AND ST. JOHN APPEAL  
by sending a donation to St.  
James's Palace, London, S.W.1.



Aircraft in flight may become charged with high voltage electricity. On landing, there is risk of shock or fire when refuelling. To eliminate this danger the ECTA electrically conducting tyre was invented in 1934 by—

# DUNLOP

MAKERS OF HISTORY IN RUBBER

5H/102